AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SPORT.

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

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Hugh Cecil Earl of Lonsdale.

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VOL. II.

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BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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SPORT

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

AUGUST — HARVEST HOME — GROUSE-SHOOTING — CANNOCK CHASE — A HORSE FROM ASTLEY'S — REMINISCENCES OF CRICKET — PASTIMES OF BYGONE DAYS — SPORT AT GENEVA IN 1646 — AN EDICT ISSUED BY JAMES I. — HYDE PARK IN 1654 — GAMES IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

THERE are few months which produce more gratification to the English country gentleman, the sportsman, and agriculturist than the month of August; for, while on the one hand the cultivator of broad acres reaps the produce of his labour, upon the other the lover of out-door amusements finds the stubble and turnip fields getting ready for himself and his well-trained pointers and setters to commence the annual First of September campaign against the partridges.

Harvest home, the greatest holiday in the agricultural district throughout the year, has, like many other festivities, sadly degenerated of late years—whether to the advantage or disadvantage of the land we live in, space will not permit us to enter upon. Suffice it to say, in bygone days our forefathers were in an enthusiasm of joy at the end of the harvest, and mingled their previous labour with considerable merrymakings, thus imitating the customs of the earlier ages. They crowned the wheat-sheaves with flowers, they sung bucolic songs, they danced, they invited one another to meet at the festive board, as at Christmas, in the ancestral halls or more humble homesteads: and a time-honoured custom existed, which, trifling as it may appear to the worldly mind, was productive of much happiness, that of giving to everyone who had taken part in the harvest—man, woman, or child—a present of ribbons, laces, or sweetmeats.

Much has been written and spoken of late against the merrymakings at harvest homes, and instances have been brought forward to prove that drunkenness and dissipation have prevailed to a great extent at such gatherings. But why,

we would ask, should the innocent be punished for the vices of the guilty? There can be no doubt that where numbers congregate inebriety will be found, and the argument therefore would equally apply to sports and public amusements of every description—cricketing, racing, regattas, the fair, the mart, and the rural revel. As we have already remarked, the recreations of the humbler classes have been too much interfered with of late years; and we question much whether the restrictions we complain of have proved beneficial to the country at large. In conclusion, let us join chorus with Eliza Cook in her spirited lines—

"A song and hurrah for the bonny green stack,
Climbing up to the sun, wide and high,
For the pitchers, the rakers, the merry hay-makers,
And the beautiful mid-summer sky."

There are few sports which come up to grouse or black-game shooting. There is a wildness in traversing the heather-clad moor, in crossing the clear burns, in ascending the steep, rugged mountain, which forms a delightful contrast to the tame amusement of the modern battues. Although in the Highlands of Scotland grouse

may be said to abound to the greatest extent, they are also to be found in the Welsh mountains and in Ireland. In Lancashire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and other contiguous places, especially among the moors and high grounds of Yorkshire, these birds are sufficient in number to afford excellent diversion. They are also to be seen in the neighbourhood of Stockton, Sunderland, and Darlington. An English atmosphere is generally much more favourable to this diversion than a Scottish one, as from the innumerable lochs and the immediate vicinity of the ocean, the mountains are so concealed in the vapours rising from them as at all times to render a day of sport extremely precarious. A little wet soon causes a grouse to become wild and unassailable, and the chance of pursuing him to any advantage is very uncertain, until the middle of the day, when the sun may have established a temporary influence. The habits of this bird are exceedingly regular, always taking his food and water at particular times, the latter at noon. He will then retire to the sunny side of some bank, and, beneath the cover of the high furze, bask in all the delight of imagined security. In this situation, a good

shot will frequently annihilate the whole brood.

At the commencement of the season, during a hot August, grouse lie close, rise near the sportsman, and are easily killed; not so after Michaelmas day, when the birds, becoming stronger, swifter on the wing, and wilder, are more difficult to bag. With respect to dogs, much must depend upon circumstances, the nature and quality of the work required of them, the state of the weather, and the condition of the ground. For example, setters, if they are of the right breed, may be worked nearly double the number of days that pointers can be; for they are much more hardy, less likely to become foot-sore, and are not affected by the cold weather. During very hot dry days, pointers have the advantage on the hills; not so on the moors, with burns and springs of water at hand.

To make the thing perfect, I should recommend a mixture of pointers and setters, working them alternately according to the circumstances above related. With regard to the hour for commencing operations, attention must be paid to the extent of the moor, the quantity of grouse upon it, and the strength and energy of the sportsman. If there is a scarcity of birds, it

is unwise to disturb them before feeding time in the morning; and as nine hours ought to satisfy the keenest gunner, I should advise from ten o'clock in the morning to six or seven in the evening. As a matter of course, the above suggestion applies to the months of August and September, for when the autumnal quarter approaches, it will be wise to take the field at break of day. In wet weather grouse are so very wild that not only are they extremely difficult to get at, but by disturbing the ground you run the risk of marring your sport on a future day. During rain or heavy Scotch mists, the theory of grousing at home can be better studied than the practice carried on out of doors. Although the campaign against grouse is opened on the morning after dog-days end, hostilities do not commence against the black game until the 20th.

There are few places in England where better grouse and black-game shooting can be had than at Cannock Chase in Staffordshire, the property of the Marquis of Anglesey. It was a fine sight to see the late noble owner, the hero of Sahagun and Waterloo, mounted on his perfectly-broke shooting pony, and accompanied by the present

noble head of the family, and other members of it, sally forth from the princely domain of Beaudesert, on the 12th day of August; to watch the precision with which he raised his double-barrelled gun to his shoulder, generally bringing down a brace of these heather-coloured birds; to witness his dogs, staunch as their master, ranging over the uncultivated wastes, or through the sequestered places abounding with copses and brushwood, and indicating the spot where the grouse had sought a temporary shelter; to listen to his racy anecdotes of sport and sportsmen, intermingled with military stories; and to feel that you were in the presence of a man who in war, or that faint image of it, the chase, was second to none.

The 12th of August, then, is looked forward to with the greatest anxiety, and happy, thrice happy is he who has a moor of his own in England or Scotland, or is invited to a friend's. The change of scene, from the heated metropolis, with its over-crowded parties, dusty streets, and parched parks, to the heather-clad mountain, the dashing torrent, the fresh breeze, the pure Highland air, is in itself delightful and exhilarating; and when we add

to these charms of nature the soul-stirring sport of bagging twenty brace of grouse during the day, or stalking a deer amidst the wild and majestic hills of the north, the enjoyment is greater than can be described, and fills the mind with gratitude, awe, and veneration.

Cricket is now at its height. No game tends more to promote a good understanding between the upper ten thousand and the humbler classes than the social intercourse which takes place during a game of cricket, when the peasant vies with the peer, the private soldier with the officer, the labourer with the landowner; each anxious to come off victorious by gaining the greatest score, or demolishing his adversary' wickets. In this truly national contest a nobleman's stumps may be lowered without any levelling system following such an event: men may be caught out without any slur on their characters, may run for their lives without any impeachment of cowardice, may "chalk up a long score" regardless of the idea of being sued for the amount, may be "bowled out" without suffering more than a temporary defeat, and may forfeit their "bail" free from the fear of legal proceedings. In fact, there is no game which promotes health

and recreation, good humour and social intercourse, more than cricket. Everyone knows the story of the French countess who, after sitting out a first innings, innocently exclaimed, "When does de game you call crequet begin?" But this would, to a novice, be equally applicable to any other outdoor pastime. Reynolds thus describes the Marylebone Club in his days:

"I remember soon after my election into the club I attended a great county match at Moulsey Hurst. Our head-quarters being at Kingston, the Duke of Richmond, who was of our party, asked me, the following morning, whether I would not rather ride to the cricket-ground, and offered the loan of one of his horses. I accepted the proposal; and, starting together, we continued our route gaily and cheerfully, without 'peril or adventure' till we encountered a party of soldiers, when, to my utter alarm, and to the surprise of the red-coats, the horse I rode began capering, curvetting, and pirouetting so perfectly *à la Vestris*, that, like another John Gilpin, I first lost my hat, then my balance, and then pitched on the ground; but, instead of alighting on my head, I unaccountably found myself on my feet, staring my dancing partner full in the

face, astounded and wondering 'what trick he would play next.' I need not pause to describe the universal amusement, nor the great gratification that his Grace manifested during the performance of the whimsical *pas de deux;* but I must stop to say a word in explanation. The duke had lately purchased the horse of Astley, and the military rider who trained it, dressed in full uniform (purposely to excite attention), at length produced so deep an impression on his pupil, that, not only on the appearance of his tutor, but on that of any other red-coat, the animal was so regularly struck with awe and alarm, that, notwithstanding kicking, whipping, and spurring, he voted all material business should stand over, and thought with Chrononhotonthologos—

'First let's have a dance.'

"Lord Thanet's brothers, John and Henry Tufton, were to me both my right and left hands, during each cricket campaign, for such it really was—marching, from May till September. from place to place—encamping here, and bivouacking there, from day to day. John Tufton, who, under a grave reserved manner concealed an unbounded love and fund of humour, was one of the

principal 'convivials' in our club. Though not a first-rate cricketer, he was what is called a *safe* one; would that I could add, he was also a *safe* driver! He would frequently say to me, 'I will give you a *cast* in my gig;' and he as regularly *kept his word*, by constantly upsetting me. Henry Tufton was one of the handsomest young men about town; both as cricketer and companion, he always proved himself one of the greatest acquisitions in the club. With him, too, I must be vain enough to play a single-wicket match, which terminated very differently and far more unpleasantly than a previous one with Lord Frederick; for a ball from my bat struck my friend with so much force on the left arm that the bone was broken by it. A surgeon being on the ground immediately set it; and to show at once the firmness and mildness of Harry Tufton's disposition, his first wish, after the conclusion of the painful operation, was to see me. I obeyed, when to my infinite relief and gratification, I found him in very good spirits; and he instantly observed with a smile, 'Reynolds, Lord Frederick hitherto has never *fractured* anything but *wickets*; so play him again.'

"Sir Horace Mann, long called the *King* of

cricket (as he was the principal maker of the different matches), was, like Lord Winchelsea, one of the good old *courtly school*, and a personage of equal decorum and punctilio; yet, notwithstanding his great hospitality, his excellent manners, and his universal popularity, he was too frequently made the object of the buffooneries of his less decorous associates. Richard Leigh, as a maker of matches, and a general promoter of cricket, as the observer of a hospitality almost feudal, at his seat at Wilmington—as the supporter and superintendent of the private plays at the Royal Kentish Bowmen's Lodge, where Miss Mellon, afterwards Mrs. Coutts, was the favourite actress, and as the donor of the most splendid musical treats, at last induced us of the cricket club to pronounce that, though our worthy Baronet, Sir Horace, was justly called the king of the noble game, it must be confessed that our Kentish Squire was the 'viceroy over him.' I could expatiate for ever on my cricket reminiscences; the days they comprehend are among the happiest of my life. Even now, as formerly (were it permitted me), I could dwell on the particular excellences of Lord Frederick, David Harris, Tom Walker, Beldam, Robinson, Scott, Ham-

mond, Wells, Small, and other first-rate players, with the enthusiasm of a lover's retrospection.

"At a grand match at Stokedown, near Alresford, elected as a substitute for a very indifferent player suddenly taken ill, I for the first and last time played against the celebrated formidable Harris. In taking my place at the wicket I almost felt as if taking my ground in a duel with an unerring marksman; and my terrors were so much increased by the marked pity and sympathy of Hammond, Beldam, and others round the wicket, that when this mighty bowler, this *Jupiter Tonans*, hurled his bolt at me, I shut my eyes in the intensity of my panic, and mechanically gave a random desperate blow, which to my utter astonishment was followed by a loud cry all over the ring of 'Run, run!' I did run, and with all my force; and getting three notches, the Duke of Richmond, John Tufton, Leigh, Anguish, and other arch wags advanced, and formerly presented to me twenty-five sixpences, in a hat, collected from the by-standers, as 'the Reward of Merit.' Even Lord Winchelsea and Sir Horace Mann contributed to this; and then all playfully commenced promoting a new sub-

scription, which only *stopped* because I could not *stop* the next ball. To my great joy, up went my stumps, and out I walked; certainly with some little *éclat*, being the first member of the club who had been considered a *regular player*, *i. e.*, *paid* for his services. Thus much for cricket, on which theme I could dwell for ever, did I not fear that some of my readers have already cried 'Hold, enough!'"

It is curious to compare the pastimes of bygone days with those of the present time. They have undergone as wonderful a change as dress and manners, and sports that were patronised by our ancestors would surprise the present generation as much as any country gentleman would, were he to appear at Newmarket in the costume of a Nim Whimble of Addison's times. To prove this, I have only to refer to ancient authorities.

Stow remarks—

"I have seen, in the Summer season, upon the river of Thames, some rowed in wherries, with staves in their hands, flat at the fore-end running one against another, and for the most part one or both of them were overthrown and well ducked."

Howell thus apostrophises, in his description of the city:

"What bowling-greens there are!—shuffle-board, cock-fighting! Go to the river," he continues; "what a pleasure it is to go thereon in the summer-time in boat or barge, or to go a floundering among the fishermen."

May games, archery, quarter-staff, wrestling, with a variety of sports with the ball, mixed with the grosser excitements of cock-fighting and bull and bear-baiting, remained pretty much the same from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. Next to archery, wrestling appears to have been especially patronised by the civic authorities; for we find that on the Feast of St. Bartholomew the Lord Mayor went out into Finsbury Fields with his sceptre, sword, and cap borne before him, and followed by the aldermen in scarlet gowns with gold chains, himself and they all on horseback. A tent being pitched for their reception, the people began to wrestle before them, two at a time. Stow thus records a scene which is thoroughly characteristic of the times:

"In 1222, on St. James's Day, the citizens kept games of defence and wrestlings near to

the Hospital of Matilda, at St. Giles's in the Fields, where they challenged and had the mastery of the men in the suburbs and others commoners. The Bailiff of Westminster, devising to be revenged, proclaimed a game to be at Westminster on Lammas Day, whereunto the citizens willingly repaired. When they had played awhile, the bailiff with the men of the suburbs armed themselves treacherously, and fell to such fighting that the citizens (being sore wounded) were forced to run into the city, where they rung the common bell, and assembled the citizens in great numbers. When the matter was declared, every man wished to revenge the fact; but the Lord Mayor of the city, being a wise and quiet man, willed them first to move the Abbot of Westminster in the matter, and if he would promise to see amends made it was sufficient. But a certain citizen named Constantine Fitz-Armulit willed that all the houses of the abbot and bailiff should be pulled down; which desperate words were no sooner spoken, but the common people (as unadvisedly) issued forth of the city without any order, and fought a cruel battle, Constantine pulling down divers houses; and the people

(as praising Constantine) cried, 'The joy of the mountain! the joy of the mountain! God help, and the Lord Lodowicke.' The abbot, coming to London to complain, hardly escaped with life, through the back-door of the house where he was, Ultimately Hubert de Burgh, with a great army of men, came to the Tower, obtained possession of Constantine, whom he hung with two others, and so put an end to the wrestling fray."

The game of tennis was very much patronised by the Court from the time of Prince Henry, son of James I., to Charles II. The Merry Monarch was so ardent a player that, upon one occasion, having caused himself to be weighed before and after the game, he found that he had lost four pounds and a-half. Charles, too, took great interest in the game of pall-mall, which consisted in striking a ball through a hook suspended from a pole. During this reign, vicious as were the courtiers, they were devoted to manly games. Rochester's swimming feats were quite extraordinary; and two other courtiers, one day, for a wager, in the presence of their sovereign, ran down a stout buck in St. James's Park, and held him fast prisoner. Would that the restored monarch had confined himself to the above pur-

suits, instead of encouraging bull and bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and a still more infamous brutality, that of baiting a horse, all of which had been put down by Cromwell and the Puritans. Evelyn, who was present at a horse-baiting, records that when the noble animal had beaten off every assailant, he was, to gratify the revolting taste of the spectators, stabbed with knives. It is not to be wondered at that the English character remained so long in a state of the vilest debasement, when it is borne in mind, as already mentioned, that in the twelfth century children were trained to the enjoyment of cock-fighting.

Many of the above sports terminated before the commencement of the eighteenth century. May-day games were no longer encouraged; bowls gave way to skittles, ball-games merged into cricket, and quarter-staff and wrestling were changed into single-stick and prize-fights. We have lived to see the day when bull and bear-baiting and cock-fighting are no longer patronised by the million, from the highest peer of the realm down to the lowest costermonger, and pugilism, which could at one time boast of the support of the Princes of the Blood, and attracted its hundreds

of aristocratic spectators, no longer ranks as a popular amusement.

Evelyn thus describes sport at Geneva in 1646:

"A little out of the town is a spacious field which they call Campus Martius; and well it may be so termed, with better reason than that at Rome at present (which is no more a field, but all built into streets), for here on every Sunday, after the evening devotions, this precise people permit their youths to exercise arms, and shoot in guns, and in the long and cross-bows, in which they are exceedingly expert, reputed to be as dexterous as any people in the world To encourage this, they yearly elect him who has won most prizes at the mark to be their king, as the king of the longbow, gun, or cross-bow (King of the Longbow would, we think, be a very appropriate title for many in our country, figuratively — not practically considered.) He then wears that weapon in his hat in gold, with a crown over it, made fast to the hat like a brooch. In this field is a long house, wherein their arms and furniture are kept in several places, very neatly. To this joins a hall, where, at certain times, they meet and feast; in the glass win-

dows are the arms and names of their kings (of arms). At the side of the field is a noble pall-mall, but it turns with an elbow. There is also a bowling-place, a tavern, and a tray-table, and here they ride their maneged horses. Having seen this field, and played a game at mall, I supped with Mr. Saladine."

An interesting document is contained in a letter from the Duke of York to Sir Edward Nicholas:

"Sir Edward Nicholas, though I have much desired your company and advice, yet not with the hinderance of the king's servise nor your own inconvenience: but that now upon the death of the Prince of Orange, I have more neede of your councell than ever, which I desire you to communicate to me by letter, or any other waye as you shall thinke fitt. I desire you, also, to move my Lord Culpeper for money to defraye the charges of the king's horses; as well for the kings's honor as to preserve three of the best of them for the king's use.

"Your very affectionate friend,

"JAMES."

"Bruxells, Novem. 12, 1650."

Copy of the Duke's letter to my Lord Culpeper:

"My Lord, the king's horses are to be sold to pay for their meat. Some of them are much prized by his majesty, and cannot be sold to their worth; therefore I desire that you would laye down the money due for their charges, so that the king's honour may be preserved, and the best of the horses still kept for the king's use, with which I am sure his majesty will be well pleased.

"I rest your lovinge friend,
"JAMES."

"Bruxells, Novemb. 12, 1650."

The above-mentioned Lord Culpeper was the first peer of that name. He joined the deceased king's councils at the same time with Hyde and Falkland, was an exile for twelve years with his son, and on the Restoration was made Master of the Rolls.

Let me now refer to the Paston correspondence, where we find that in 1475 "the price of oats was one shilling and tenpence per quarter." The following letter will prove amusing to those who take

an interest in our Universities, as showing the difference of expense in his days and in ours:

Walter Paston writes to his mother, from Oxford, relative to his expenses, and after saying, "I marvel sore that you sent me no word of the letter which I sent to you by Master William Brown, at Easter," proceeds thus: "I write to you the whole sum of my expenses since I was with you till Easter last past, and also the receipts, reckoning the twenty shillings that I had of you to Oxon wards, with the bishop's finding. The whole sum of receipts is £5 17s. 6d.; and the whole sum of expenses is £6 5s. 5¾d.; and that (what) cometh over my receipts and my expenses I have borrowed of Master Edmund, and it draweth to eight shillings; and yet I reckon none expenses since Easter, but as for them they be not great.

From the above statement we learn that a University education in 1478 amounted to about £100 a-year of our present money, inasmuch as £12 10s. 11½d. would at that period procure as many necessaries and comforts as £100 will at this day. The above letter was signed, "By your sonn and scoler, Walter Paston."

As it is now very much the fashion to run down the sports of the people, we cannot refrain from transferring to our pages a royal edict issued by James I.

"BY THE KING.

"Whereas, upon our return the last year out of Scotland, we did publish our pleasure, touching the recreations of our people in those parts under our hand; for some causes us thereunto moving, we have thought good to command these our directions, then given in Lancashire, with a few words thereunto added, and most applicable to these parts of our realms, to be published to all our subjects.

"Whereas we did justly, in our progress through Lancashire, rebuke some Puritans and precise people, and took order that the like unlawful carriage should not be used by any of them hereafter in the prohibiting and unlawful punishing of our good people, for using their lawful recreations and honest exercises, upon Sundays and other holidays, after the afternoon sermon or service, we now find that two sorts of people, wherewith that country is much infected (we mean Papists and Puritans) have

maliciously traduced and calumniated those our just and honourable proceedings; and, therefore, lest our reputation might upon the one side (though innocently) have some aspersion laid upon it, and upon the other part our good people in that country be misled by the mistaking and misinterpretation of our meaning, we have therefore thought good hereby to clear and make our pleasure to be manifested to all our good people in those parts.

"It is true that, at our first entry to this Crown and Kingdom, we were informed (and that too truly) that our county of Lancashire aboundeth more in Popish recusants than any county of England, and thus hath still continued since, to our great regret, with little amendment; save that now of late, in our last riding through our said county, we find, both by the report of the judges, and by the bishop of that diocese, that there is some amendment now daily beginning, which is no small contentment to us.

"The report of this growing amendment amongst them made us the more sorry when with our own ears we heard the general complaint of our people that they were barred from

all lawful recreation and exercise upon the Sunday's afternoon, after the ending of all divine service; which cannot but produce two evils, the one, the hindering of the conversion of many, whom their priests will take occasion hereby to vex, persuading them that no honest mirth or recreation is lawful or tolerable in our religion, which cannot but breed a great discontentment in our people's hearts, especially of such as are, peradventure, upon the point of turning. The other inconvenience is that this prohibition barreth the common and meaner sort of people from using such exercises as may make their bodies more able for war, when we, or our successors, shall have occasion to use them; and in place thereof, sets up filthy tipplings and drunkenness, and breeds a number of idle and discontented speeches in their alehouses; for when shall the common people have leave to exercise, if not upon the Sundays and holidays, seeing they must apply their labour and win their living in all working days?

"Our express pleasure is (for our good people's lawful recreation) that, after the end of divine service, our good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation,

such as dancing, either men or women; archery, for men; leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreation; nor from having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, and morrice-dances, and the setting up of May-poles, and other sports therewith used, so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of divine service; and that women shall have leave to carry rushes to the church, for the decorating of it, according to their old custom. But, withal, we do here account still as prohibited all unlawful games to be used upon Sundays only, as bear and bull baitings, interludes, and at all times, in the meaner sort of people prohibited, bowling.

> "Given at our manor of Greenwich, the four-and-twentieth day of May, in the sixteenth year of our reign of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland the one-and-fiftieth."

CHARLES.

"Now, out of a like pious care for the service of God, and for suppressing of any humours that oppose truth, and for the ease, comfort, and recreation of our well-deserving people, we do

ratify and publish this our blessed father's declaration; the rather because of late, in some counties of our kingdom, we find that, under pretence of taking away abuses, there hath been a general forbidding, not only of ordinary meetings, but of the feasts of the dedication of the churches, commonly called wakes. Now, our express will and pleasure is that these feasts, with others, shall be observed.

> "Given at our Palace of Westminster, the eighteenth day of October, in the ninth year of our reign."

Davenant tells us that immediately after the Restoration, out-door amusements were not very popular in London. He thus writes: "I would now make a safe retreat, but that methinks I am stopped by one of your heroic games called foot-ball which I conceive (under your favour) not very conveniently civil in the streets, especially in such irregular and narrow roads as Crooked-lane; yet it argues your courage, much like your military pass-time of throwing at cocks. But your mettle would be more magnified (since you have long allowed those two valiant exercises in the streets) to draw your archers from Finsbury,

and during high market let them shoot at butts in Cheapside."

In an old record, we find the following description of Hyde Park:

"May 1, 1654. This day there was a husling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen of the one side, and fifty on the other; one party played in red caps, and the other in white. There was present His Highness the Lord Protector, many of his Privy Council, and divers eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body, and most neat and exquisite wrestling, at every meeting of the one with the other, which was ordered with such dexterity that it was to show more the strength, vigour, and nimbleness of their bodies than to endanger their persons. The ball they played withal was silver, and designed for that party which did win the goal."

Pepys gives us a good insight into the games played during the reign of Charles II. "1661, April 2nd: To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at pall-mall, the first time that ever I saw the sport." And "1662, December 15th. To the Duke, and followed him into the Park, where, though the ice was broken, he would go slide upon his skates, which I did

not like, but he slides very well." And here we may remark that, at the above period, skating had been recently introduced into England, for Pepys thus writes; "1682, December 1st. Over the Park, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skates, which is a very pretty art." Evelyn was also present, for we find in his diary of the same date: "Having seen the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new canal in St. James's Park, performed before their Majesties by divers gentlemen and others with scheets, after the manner of Hollanders, with what a swiftness they pause, how suddenly they stop in full career upon the ice, went home."

It is generally supposed that some of the exiled cavaliers had acquired the art of skating during their temporary residence in Holland. It appears, however, that from the time of Charles II., skating made but little progress in England, for in January, 1711, Swift writes: "Delicate walking weather, and the canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble, sliding, and with skaits, if you know what that is."

Although the members of the Universities and

the respective Thames Clubs still patronise rowing, it is not so popular an amusement with the fashionable world as it was forty years ago. In those days, men of the highest rank assembled on the Thames, to try their prowess in a pull against tide to the Red House, Battersea, or the Ship at Greenwich. These trials of strength led to a variety of matches—the one from Oxford to London, by officers of the Foot Guards, being the most noted: it was accomplished in almost an incredible space of time. A curious wager came off, I think in about 1830, between the late Sir George Wombwell and a sporting friend, as to whether the former could ride on horseback, from Whitehall Stairs to the Surrey side of Vauxhall Bridge, in a shorter space of time than his competitor with three more friends could pull a boat with the tide to the centre arch of the same. In consequence of an obstruction on the road, the watermen won the match.

Some excellent stories are told of the Marquis of Anglesey of Waterloo renown. Upon one occasion, a very modest retiring Welsh clergyman, who was enjoying a day with the

partridges, found himself almost stunned by a charge of shot that had penetrated his clerical hat, and upon looking round with dismay, and expressing a determination to give up his gun, and return home, received the following laconic remark; "You need not be afraid, I am perfect master of the weapon." The unfortunate "taffy" although willing to do the greatest justice to his host's prowess, could scarcely bring himself to believe there was no danger when an inch lower would have proved fatal, and acting on the principle that "discretion is the better part of valour," thanked Lord Anglesey for his hospitality, and wended his way home.

Upon another occasion, a young man, who was of a shy and retiring disposition, was riding between the noble Marquis and the late Earl of Lichfield, on their way to a wood famed for the numbers of its woodcocks.

"Are you a pretty good shot?" inquired the distinguished owner of Beaudesert.

"Why, yes," stammered out the modest youth; "I can shoot as well as my *neighbours*."

"Can you, my fine fellow? considering Lichfield is on one side and I on the other," answered

Lord Anglesey, "you have not a very mean opinion of your powers."

With some little drawbacks from infirmity of temper (and what human being is perfect?) there never was a more noble-minded, honourable, brave, liberal, and hospitable man than the gallant Anglesey, and in all the above qualities the present head of the family has proved himself a worthy scion of a noble grandsire.

Yachting with the thermometer at 72 degs., is a most delightful amusement, and can be carried on with pleasure during a month which is generally fair for the harvest; but woe betide those who have not fitted out or hired a vessel by this time, for they will be fleeced awfully. We were offered a small cutter of twenty-five tons, with two men and a boy, for the modest sum of sixty guineas for two months, which we respectfully declined, not wishing to be ranked with that numerous class referred to in the proverb which says that "fools and their money are soon parted." Indeed, it would be cheaper in the long run to buy than to hire on such terms, for, owing to the large number of schooners that have lately been built, there are a great many cutters in the market.

There are few things in England at which foreigners of intelligence are more struck than the profuse expenditure of the members of our respective yacht-clubs, in fitting out their vessels, the outlay for building, wages, and victualling amounting to hundreds of thousands of pounds; and when we consider than an addition of upwards of four thousand men (many of whom are first-rate seamen) could be got together at a few hours' notice, ready for service should our native isle be attacked, we ought to support yachting in a national point of view.

Returning to the turf, which is now in full force, we may remark that horse-racing is of classical antiquity, and was doubtless known to our Saxon ancestors as far back as the ninth century; but when it was introduced into this country we have no exact date by which we can form a judgment. According to the testimony of an old writer of fiction, it was considered a necessary accomplishment for a man of fashion to understand the nature and property of horses, and to ride well, "to run horses and to approve them." It is not improbable that France preceded this country in turf affairs, for we find that, when Hugh Capet solicited in marriage the

sister of Athelstan of England, among other valuable presents which he sent that prince were several running horses, with their saddles and bridles, the latter embroidered in gold. It appears very evident, however, that horse-racing in those early ages was solely confined to the great, and it was not until the reign of Henry the Second that this diversion became more general. To such a fatal extent was it carried that the fortunes of the nobility became greatly injured thereby. The arena was the Smoothfield (now called Smithfield), a spot in those days very different in point of extent and smoothness from its present condition, although until within a few years it has been applied to the same purpose it was then, the sale of horses. At that early period of our history, valuable hackneys and chargers were exposed for sale in the market, and were generally matched together, in order to test their worth for speed and game, or for a prize. When a trial of this kind was about to take place, a shout was immediately raised, and the course was ordered to be cleared. Three miles appear to have been the longest distance, and forty pounds the usual prize.

In 1599 private matches by gentlemen-jockeys

were very common; and it is well known that James the First was the original royal patron of the turf. During the reign of this monarch, whose "qualities were sullied with weakness and embellished by humanity," public races were established at various places, when the mode of preparing the contending steeds was very much the same as it is now. Towards the close of the reign of Charles the First, races took place in Hyde Park. Newmarket was also a place devoted to the same purpose. Here the "Merry Monarch" had a regular establishment, and entered horses in his own name. Racing was so much encouraged by the second Charles that it soon became the rage among the upper ten thousand. William the Third added to the number of Royal Plates, and Queen Anne was a most distinguished supporter of the turf.

The life of a jockey is one full of anxiety, care, hope, fear, pleasure, and temptation. Happily the majority in our day are proof against falling into the snares laid for them by unprincipled scoundrels. The change in the habits of the "light weights" is most striking. From the last day of the Houghton meeting at Newmarket, until the first Spring gathering at Lincoln, the

jockey may be found hunting with the stag, fox-hounds, or harriers, enjoying three or four substantial meals per diem, and patronizing some histrionic strolling company of Thespians, or wandering minstrels. The moment the Spring sets in with its usual severity, and the cold piercing *easterly* winds announce the arrival of Lent, the same individual has to envelop himself in five or six coats, waistcoats, and trowsers, and walk ten or fifteen miles after a scanty breakfast of tea and bread-and-butter. A plate of fish, or a small piece of meat, with a glass or two of watered wine, forms the frugal dinner, with tea and dry toast for the evening meal, supper being strictly prohibited. To show to what extent of reduction a jockey may be brought, we have only to remind our readers that John Arnull, when employed by George, Prince of Wales, abstained from animal, and even farinaceous food for eight successive days, and the only substitute was an occasional piece of apple. Arnull's health was not injured by this long fast, and he lived to be clerk of the course at Newmarket. Dennis Fitzpatrick, who rode Diamond over the Beacon course, in the famous race against Frank Buckle, on Hambletonian, declared that he was less

fatigued by riding, and had more strength to contend with a determined horse in a severe race, when moderately reduced, than when allowed to live as he pleased.

I may here lay before my reader a few selected anecdotes of by-gone prowess which may not prove uninteresting. During the year 1820, I happened to be passing through Oxford on my way to Berkeley Castle, and being tempted to devote a day to this city of learning, I took up my quarters at the Mitre. Having occupied the morning in sight-seeing, I was taking a hearty lunch in the coffee-room of this celebrated hotel, when my attention was attracted by shouts and hallooing such as are seldom heard except in the hunting field, and upon looking out of the window I soon discovered that many were bent upon realizing the line of the old song,

"This day a stag must die."

It may here be necessary to remind the reader that in by-gone times it was the custom on St. Thomas's Day to turn out a stag from Blenheim Park, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough. Upon the occasion referred to, the "antlered monarch" of the woods directed its course to-

wards Wickham; from whence it took the high road and proceeded to Oxford, and there formed one of the most beautiful and picturesque sights that could be imagined. The stag, and hounds in close pursuit, followed by a large field of well-known and experienced sportsmen, proceeded up the High-street as far as Brasenmose, that celebrated college founded, in 1509, by William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, and Sir Richard Sutton, of Prestbury, Cheshire, and whose appellation is said to have been derived from the knocker of one of its ancient gates having been formed of an iron ring in a nose of brass. Here, to the no small astonishment of hundreds of spectators—for every idle man, woman, boy, and girl in the city had joined the hunters—the deer took refuge in the chapel, where divine service happened to be going on, and was shortly killed by the eager pack. I have heard of deer taking to rivers and lakes when closely pursued, of foxes entering houses, cottages, wash-houses, pigsties, cow-sheds, dairies, laundries, and secreting themselves in chimneys, cupboards, and nooks; but I never before knew of a hunted animal seeking the sacred recesses of a chapel.

The above brings to my recollection a very

extraordinary scene, which was witnessed near Leamington some seasons ago. The North Warwickshire hounds, which had met at Stoneleigh Abbey, found a fox in Bericot Wood, and were pursuing it at full cry, when they approached the North Western Railway, on which a train was seen coming down the incline from Coventry. The fox immediately crossed the line. The huntsman dismounted and tried to keep back the hounds as well as induce the engine-driver to slacken his speed, neither of which could be accomplished. Such was the keenness of the hounds that they crossed the rails just before the train, which cut off the head of one and tail of another, without, however, injuring any of the rest of the pack. This unexpected incident in the day's sport was witnessed by Lord Leigh, Mr. Adderley, M.P., and a large number of the gentlemen of the hunt.

When we consider the manner in which England is intersected with railways, it is perfectly marvellous that more accidents have not happened. I recollect once being out with the late Earl Fitzhardinge's fox-hounds in the Vale of Berkeley, when the wily animal crossed the

rail, closely pursued by the pack. The late James Maxse, Esq., and myself were together, and never shall I forget his pallid look and awe-struck countenance as he saw the position in which the pack were, and heard at no great distance the shrill noise of a train approaching. "They cannot escape," he exclaimed wildly. Happily his fears proved groundless, albeit the gallant pack had a narrow squeak for it.

CHAPTER II.

BLACKCOCK-SHOOTING—THE PARTRIDGE—THE BATTUE SYSTEM —PAYING OTHER PEOPLES' SERVANTS—NECESSITY OF CAUTION IN THE USE OF FIRE-ARMS—SHOOTING ATTIRE — CHANGES IN FOX-HUNTING — STREET-FIGHT IN THE TIME OF GEORGE III.

DURING the month of August many of the foot-feathered birds — the grouse — have fallen beneath the unerring aim of the gunner during his ramble in the Highlands; and here we may contrast the habits and distinctive peculiarities of the game that severally inhabit the mountains and the plains. The grouse, the denizen of the moors, ever flies the approach of cultivation; his home is amid heathery solitudes, dreary and remote; he prefers wild nature to civilization. The partridge, on the other hand, seeks the fruitful corn-fields and exuberant pastures. At morning's dawn and

evening's twilight his voice is heard—notes of delight to the sportsman's ears.

When in full vigour and plumage there is no handsomer bird than the blackcock, and although his size makes him an easy mark, his cunning and strength are pretty good securities for his not falling too readily to the sportsman's gun; but in August even the old birds are not fit to shoot, being neither in perfect condition nor in full plumage. The blackcock is much more addicted to feeding in the corn-fields than the grouse is, and takes long flights for the purpose of reaching some favourite stubble field.

The climate of England is admirably suited to the partridge, and they are nowhere in greater plenty than in this island—especially in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. The affection of this bird for her young is peculiarly strong, as we have already stated; and she is greatly assisted in the care of rearing them by her mate. They lead them out in common, call them together, point out to them their proper food, and assist them in finding it by scratching the ground with their feet; they frequently sit close to each other, covering the young ones with their wings like a hen. In this situation they

are not easily put up; but should the hunter approach too near, or run in upon them, the male will give the first signal of alarm by a peculiar cry of distress, placing himself at the same moment immediately in the way of danger.

In order to deceive or mislead the enemy, he flies (or rather runs) along the ground, hanging his wings, and exhibiting every symptom of debility, whereby the dog is decoyed, in the too eager expectation of having an easy prey, to a greater distance from the covey. The female flies off in a contrary direction, and to a far greater distance; but, returning soon after, she finds her scattered brood closely squatted amongst the grass, and collecting them with haste, she leads them from the impending danger before the dog has had time to return from his purusit. I have often heard from unquestionable authority that a hen-partridge has been seen coming out of a ditch, running along, shivering with her wings, and crying out as if wounded and unable to get away; while her brood, unable to fly, ran for shelter into an old fox-earth under the bank. Such is the wonderful power of instinct.

The partridge (or *Tetrao Perdix* of Linnæus) is found throughout England, more especially in

corn counties; and, despite the high authority of Buffon, who remarks, "their cry is not very pleasant, as it is rather a sharp, grating noise, like that of a scythe, than a warble," to my ears no cry, save the crash of a pack of hounds, is more tunable than the call of a covey of partridges.

There are few birds more exposed to danger than the nut-brown partridges, not only from their common enemy man, whose best energies are devoted to snare and slaughter them, but from the flying foe the hawk, who pounces upon his terrified prey, plucks them after the most approved poulterer's plan, and enjoys his *Perdrix au naturel* with as much gusto as the epicure does his *Salmi aux truffes*. A good story is told of a French sportsman who described the prowess of his retriever in the following graphic manner: "J'ai un très beau chien d'arrêt, c'est un excellent chien. Il a un seul défaut, c'est qu'il se met à table quand j'ai une pièce tuée;" which I thus liberally translate, "I have a splendid retriever. He has but one fault, that is, whenever I kill any game, he at once sets to work to eat it."

The *battue* system, now universally adopted, has gone far to exterminate that useful

auxiliary to the sportsman of the olden time—the shooting pony. In bygone days, quiet rough-and-ready animals were always brought to the door for those who preferred riding to walking, and over the saddles were flung huge leather game-bags, capable of holding the produce of the day's sport. Many a gouty old squire, many a two-bottle-of-port man, found it absolutely necessary to be mounted, for walking was out of the question; while others, who wished to save time, found a Welsh or Shetland pony most useful in going from cover to cover or field to field. In the Highlands, unless the gunner was a first-rate pedestrian, a Scotch pony was invaluable. A perfect animal of this nature was not easily got at; for, in addition to strength, soundness of foot, and docile temper, it was absolutely necessary that the pony should stand as still as King Charles the First's granite horse at Charing Cross, so as to enable the rider to shoot steadily from his back. The Marquis of Anglesey, already referred to, had some splendid specimens of shooting ponies—so beautifully broke, that when the gallant owner dropped his bridle the animal would not move an inch. Indeed, like their master, so cool were they under

fire, that a grand pyrotechnic exhibition might have taken place from their backs. For myself I own I like to have a pony ready within call, though to my poor thinking the walk up to the game, and the opportunity given for seeing the dogs work, give an additional zest to shooting.

One word with respect to the much-abused system of paying other people's servants. There can be no doubt that it is extremely unpleasant to have to put your hand into your pocket to reward those who are considered to be amply remunerated for their services; but, however well this may sound in theory, it will prove to be unavailable in practice. I pass over gratuities to in-door servants, grooms, and coachmen, and shall confine myself to game-keepers. If the custom was abolished, there would not be half the attention paid to the shooter that there now is: the keeper would do his duty to his master, but there would be no incentive for extra-exertion; and when we consider the laborious and dangerous life of a keeper, who is exposed to all weathers, and subject to the murderous attacks of poachers, while his mind as well as his body is harassed with the responsibility attached to his situation, a small gratuity ought not to be grudged.

Some years ago a popular peer of the realm, since gathered to his ancestors, adopted what, in the fast phraseology of the day, would be termed an "artful dodge." It was generally remarked that the individual in question invariably got the best place out shooting; and the surprise of his brother-sportsmen was greatly increased as, during the time they were quietly placing some golden token of their gratitude in the hands of the keepers, the noble lord simply confined himself to a saccharine smile and a most gracious acknowledgment. Now, according to the old but somewhat vulgar proverb, that "fair words butter no parsnips," the mystery was for a long time unsolved; but, at length, through the prying propensities of a friend, it was discovered that the titled gunner always sought a quiet opportunity of seeing and feeing the parties in question before the day's shooting commenced, accompanying his liberal donation with a remark that the same system would be continued during the season upon every like occasion. "The bird in the hand" plan worked marvellously well with the keepers, and produced the beneficial result which the wide-awake giver anticipated.

I have previously offered a few precau-

tionary suggestions respecting the use of the gun; for experience teaches us that accidents of the most serious nature are constantly happening in consequence of carelessness and inattention. Well do I remember being in company with one of the brothers of the late gallant Marquis of Anglesey, when in crossing the large marble hall at Goodwood, all of a sudden both barrels of the gun he carried went off, scattering the shot about in every direction. Fortunately no harm was done. Had this accident occurred five minutes sooner, the most fatal mischief might have ensued, for three or four of the noble owner's children were playing at battledore and shuttlecock on the very spot where the charges took effect.

Upon another occasion we were enjoying a splendid al-fresco lunch at Harleyford, near Great Marlow, when a volley was heard from an adjoining oak. Upon looking round, we ascertained that a country lad who was leading a refractory retriever, had gone a little too near the trunk of a tree against which two guns with the cocks down on the nipples had been placed. Hence the unexpected explosion, the yelling of the Newfoundland dog, who was slightly hit by the recoil,

and the shouts and yells of the youthful tiller of the soil, who fancied he was literally as well as figuratively "blown up" for his awkwardness.

There is another cause of accident, which occasionally happens, and, although it is of rare occurrence, a caution will not be out of place. Some persons, who after loading their guns find a little difficulty in forcing the caps home, let down the cocks to accomplish that end, and in some instances the result has been the unintentional discharge of the barrel. Although not of a very nervous temperament, I own that I seldom go out shooting with a large party without fearing the consequences. One man smokes his cigar over his powder flask—another carries his breech-loader at full cock, with both the barrels on a level with his friend's body—a third fires into a thick cover, unmindful of the dogs, beaters, or brother "gunners" that may be in it—a fourth jumps a ditch with two grim muzzles staring his companion in the face—a fifth pokes both his barrels into a piece of gorse, with a view of putting up a rabbit, entirely forgetting that a piece of clay accidentally entering the "fatal tubes" might cause them to burst—and last, not least, how many men,

anxious to get a snap-shot, imperceptibly pull the trigger before they have got the gun to their shoulders! I hope I have now said enough to induce all persons to be more cautious in the use of fire-arms; but I cannot conclude the subject without advising every owner of game to make a standing rule, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, should never be broken through, viz., to inflict a fine of two sovereigns, to go to the poor of the parish, upon every one who loads his gun in the house. How often does it happen that the person guilty of this unpardonable act is suddenly called away, or runs off to his room for something he has forgotten, leaving the weapon within the reach of prying maid-servants and young children!

One word before we take the field, on the subject of shooting attire. Our ancestors were wont to go out in stiff buckram coats and waistcoats, short breeches, powdered wigs, pig-tails, and cocked-hats. This costume was followed by a jean, fustian, or velveteen shooting jacket, corduroy or leather breeches, gaiters, leggings, a round hat and laced-boots, and lasted as long as the days of "flint and steel;" but in these fast times of "detonators" a looser dress has been

adopted, (I now refer to the September shooting), consisting of light tweed jacket, waistcoat and "continuations" of the same, Balmoral boots, and a "wide awake" covering for the head. In the depth of the Winter, I would suggest a dark velveteen jacket, made by a first-rate tailor; for there is no such mistake as going to ready-made shops (emporiums I believe they are now called), for what is usually called a "reach-me-down," but which the proprietor, Messrs. Shadrach, Isaacs, and Solomons term a "shsplendid fit." There is no garment which for the comfort of the wearer ought to be adapted with greater nicety to his form than a shooting dress. If otherwise, the arms will be confined, the legs cramped, and the chest contracted; or in the event of the material being slight, and the workmanship (or rather work*woman*ship) of the "slop" order, the buttons will give way, the sleeves under the arms will tear, the trowsers will be rent into pieces, and the pockets will come unsewed. A velveteen shooting jacket, the sleeves and back lined with flannel, a cloth waistcoat, (with ample pockets for pellets, copper caps, nipple-wrench, and knife), buttoning up to the neck, a pair of dark corduroy trowsers, strapped

with leather to above the knees, and a pair of strong waterproof shoes or Wellington boots, will be the best dress for pheasant, woodcock, snipe, or wild-fowl shooting.

An inexpensive recipe for rendering boots and shoes impervious to wet is the following. One pint of linseed-oil; one ounce of bee's-wax; half-an-ounce of Burgundy pitch; two ounces of spirits of turpentine. The first three ingredients must be melted in an earthen pipkin over a slow fire; after taking it off the fire, the turpentine must be added. The mixture then must be rubbed well into the leather, with a soft brush before the fire, or in the heat of the sun. In the first instance, this process should be repeated two or three times before wearing the boots; afterwards three or four times a month will suffice.

There are few things that have undergone greater changes than fox-hunting, and it may therefore not be uninteresting to the sporting world to compare the manner in which the "noble science" was carried on fifty years ago, with the present system. The hours and habits of the present generation vary from those of their ancestors as much as their rapid means of locomo-

tion do in 1872 from the slow travelling of half-a-century ago. The hounds in the olden times were generally at the cover's side by six o'clock in the morning, and by this "early-worm" movement, if the fox had been abroad during the night, they were enabled to come upon the drag while it was warm, and get well away together, which to them was a matter of no small importance, as the number that constituted the pack in those days was much smaller than in the present. In addition to this, their early hours gave them another great advantage over their wily foe, for, by coming upon him before he had digested his food, he was sooner blown; and without such an advantage, the inferior breeding of the hound would have stood little chance of running into him. The hounds then in use were of a thick and compact form, low-bred and slow, but well calculated to hunt with a cold drag.

Eleven o'clock being now the fashionable hour of meeting, the fox has entirely disgorged himself of his purloined repast of poultry, and is in better condition to afford sport—so much so that, unless the pace of the olden time had been improved upon, few vulpine trophies would have adorned our stable doors. With respect to the hunters,

the "flyer" of the present time is as different an animal to the nag of the former days, as gas is to oil, a Hansom cab to the lumbering hackney coach, a Gravesend steamer to a Margate hoy. The horses then in use were underbred, and unable to go any pace. Still they were admirably suited for the style of hunting, as they were clever in getting through heavy ground, were sure and perfect jumpers, and being capable of enduring fatigue, were soon fit for work again after a hard day's run. The expense of keeping hounds was comparatively small; hence many packs were to be found in good hunting counties. What "the mighty Nimrods" did to pass the rest of the day after a morning's hunting we know not; for allowing two or three hours for going to cover, finding, and killing their fox, one or two more for their return home, and another for seeing their horses properly groomed, all would be over by eleven and twelve o'clock. Dinner then would follow at one, to be succeeded by a pipe; and a look at the Weekly News or County Chronicle, a walk over the farm, a doze, and a supper at seven or eight o'clock, would occupy the rest of the day, while, just at the hour the fashionable Meltonians of the present time are enjoying their claret,

their ancestors would be sound asleep in their beds.

Pugilism was in much higher favour five-and-forty years ago than it is now, and even crowned heads once patronised the ring. The proper use of the boxing-gloves was considered part of a gentleman's education, the majority of young men about town being early taught the art of self-defence; and a proficiency in this tended to encourage the disgraceful fights that constantly took place in the streets. The Fives-court in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, and the Tennis-court, Windmill-street, Haymarket, afforded sparring exhibitions for the benefit of old and young stagers; the admittance was three shillings each person. On particular evenings the latter court was open by subscription amongst gentlemen. John Jackson, who was the field-marshal of the pugilistic corps, had an academy at No. 9, Old Bond-street, which was accessible only to amateurs of the first order, where he gave lessons in the fistic art. Among his noble clients may be mentioned the author of "Childe Harold," who upon more than one occasion refers to the merits of his "corporeal pastor." The veteran, Dan Mendoza,

had also a school near the Eagle Tavern, in the City-road, although inferior to Jackson's, in the same ratio as the East is to the West-end of the town. Dan, however, reckoned among his pupils many dashing city blades and aspirants for pugilistic fame, he himself ranking amongst the best sparrers of the day.

The following police report will furnish a fair specimen of the street-fights which took place during the time when George the Third was King. The culprits, although they gave plebeian names, were Corinthians of the highest order:

"A few days since three *swells*, who *stated their names* to be Hayward, Jamieson, and Knighton, were brought in custody from the Round House, before Mr. Evance, at Union Hall, charged with having in a novel sort of way performed principal characters in 'Life in London,' and with stealing the stock-in-trade of several of the conservators of nocturnal tranquillity. The case was stated by one of those worthies as follows: 'Please your honour's worship, at half past two this morning, *these here three gemmen was* ringing the bells on my beat, which is in the Surrey-Road. I tould 'em quietly to *resist*, but they wouldn't; and this is not the worst

part on't, for, please your worship, they dragged the handles off; upon which, your worship, I sprung my rattle, and then they began, your worship, to show fight; and that 'ere *gemman* (pointing to Knighton) seized my lanthorn and swore a wicked word that he had an order for fifty *glims* and *cacklers*, and he would be—I won't say what—if his customers should not be *served*." It appeared some other of the worthy guardians coming up, a general fight took place, which ended in Tom, Jerry, and Logic capturing the following trophies—three rattles, two lanthorns, and a *small swish*, about five inches in circumference; however, a reinforcement of the 'Charleys' arriving, a rally took place, and Messrs. Hayward, Jamieson, and Knighton were finally overpowered and conveyed to *quod*.

"On being brought before the magistrate, the charge, as entered in the watch-book was read, and it imputed to them the assaulting of John Keely, Martin Briely, and others, with force and arms, and against their will, feloniously stealing, taking, and carrying away the before named rattles, lanthorns, &c., against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King. Upon being

called upon to give an answer to so grave a charge, and to account for themselves, Mr. Jamieson described himself to be a merchant's clerk; Mr. Hayward said he was a gentleman; and Mr. Knighton declared he followed the profession of a surgeon. They all asserted that the first attack had been made upon them, pledging their honour that such was the case. The magistrate reprobated in strong terms the conduct they had been guilty of, and said he was not certain whether he should commit upon the felony or the assault. At this the prisoners pricked up their ears, appeared much alarmed, and were ordered to be put aside. In the course of the day they were allowed to apply some *sovereign* remedies for the injury done, and after a suitable admonition were discharged."

There was scarcely a night passed without (what was then called) "a spree with the Charleys," and I have often myself witnessed this senseless amusement when peaceably walking home. The *modus operandi* was as follows. Half-a-dozen swells proceeded to break windows, ring the bells, and wrench off all the knockers that came in their way. If the guardians of the peace interfered, a general fight took place. Oc-

casionally a watchman was found asleep in his box; when it was immediately upset, and the Dogberry found himself sprawling in the mud, until extricated by a brother Verges. The most heartless joke was for a party to hire a hackney-coach, having previously armed themselves with potatoes or penny pieces, for the purpose of breaking lamps, windows, and chemists' glass bottles on their drive through the main streets. This was called fun, but where the jest lay I own I could never discover.

Racing is now nearly brought to a termination, although Newmarket and one or two other places furnish amusement for the turfite during the month of October and the beginning of November.

Among the distinguished patrons of the turf of bygone days may be mentioned Oliver Cromwell, who (like most other country gentlemen of his time) was fond of field-sports. The Protector was far from being, by nature, of a gloomy and ferocious disposition, until ambition and the terrors consequent on regicide and usurpation harrowed his soul and made him a reckless tyrant. Indeed, he could at times descend to facetiousness, and even buffoonery. An anecdote is related of

him which proves that, had he lived in the present age, he would have been made a member of the Four-in-Hand Club, and have been much more harmlessly employed than in beheading a king and seizing a throne. Sir John Birkenhead wrote a poem, entitled "The Jolt," upon Cromwell's being thrown off the box of his coach, which he was in the habit of driving through Hyde Park, drawn by six German horses, sent him as a present by the Count of Oldenburg, while his secretary, John Thurloe, was an inside passenger. It seems that the horses were startled and ran away, and the Huntingdon squire, losing all control over them, was thrown on the pole, and was dragged along the ground for some time; a pistol which he carried in his pocket went off, but, by that singular good fortune which ever attended him, he escaped with only a few slight bruises.

In despite of the hypocritical cant of Puritanism, Cromwell retained a love for the turf even after he had attained regal power. Richard Place (his master of the stud) was owner of Bustler, got by the Hemsley Turk out of the famous White Turk, the sire of Wormwood and Commoner, and of several brood mares, one of which, a great fa-

vourite, he concealed in a vault, during the search for her master's effects at the Restoration, whence she afterwards went by the name of the Coffin Mare, by which she stands in many pictures.

CHAPTER III.

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING—USE OF DOGS AS BEASTS OF BURDEN —EXPLOIT OF A SPANISH TRUMPETER—WILD BOAR HUNTING AND BADGER BAITING—AN OTTER HUNT—THE DOG—WILD CAT HUNTING IN ENGLAND—VULPECIDISM IN FRANCE —COURSING—THE SMOOTH-HAIRED GREYHOUND.

FEW sports can exceed partridge-shooting, which is as superior to what it was in our early days, as the Great Eastern is to a Teddington punt, a breech-loader to a flint and steel fowling-piece, an Enfield rifle to a child's pop-gun, Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" to a wayside inn sign, or the Goodwood meeting to a Ramsgate donkey-race on the sands. I remember the time when it was considered a great feat for anyone to bag eight or nine brace of birds, and when to accomplish this it was necessary to go out at daylight and shoot till dusk, when ten minutes, instead of the best part of an hour (as

at present), was allowed for a hasty lunch of bread, cheese, and ale, and when every man loaded his own gun, and detonators and breach-loaders were not even in prospective existence.

Never shall I forget a day that I had with the partridges in the neighbourhood of Gravesend, at a property belonging to a relation of the late Rev. Richard Barham's, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends." In order to be able to take the field in time, the party, consisting of a brother-officer, myself, and our host, Barham, slept at Parrock (so, if I remember right, the house was called) the night before. There, with a magnum bottle of beeswing port and an agreeable Amphitryon, it is not to be wondered that we staid up a little later than prudent sportsmen ought to have done, preparatory to the first of September; but to leave the table was impossible. Barham gave a running fire of pun, epigram, anecdote, and conundrum in prose and rhyme. Would that my memory were sufficiently retentive to repeat them! One of a thousand good things occurs to me. "There's meat and drink in this wine," said our host. We waited for the reply: "Port wine with a *crust*."

At five o'clock we were called, and at half-past six the first shot was fired. "Hard hit," exclaimed the keeper, as the bird untouched flew away. Another point, another shot, which was attended with the same result. As Ingoldsby knew that if his gun hung fire, which it did, his jokes would not, he commenced such a volley of witticisms as, if published, would have quite thrown Joe Miller's jest book into the shade. To take a correct aim, and to laugh at the same moment, was impossible. So for at least two hours we did nothing but miss, much to the annoyance of my friend, who went out, as he said, to kill partridges, and not to die with laughter. After lunch, however, which Barham declared was to consist of a *steak*—a hedge one—we sobered down, and succeeded in bagging eighteen brace, which was then considered a wonderful day's shooting. Indeed, except in Norfolk, the lover of the trigger seldom killed more.

A practice still continues in some parts of the country, which ought to be put an end to by the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, more especially in the Summer months, not only as it is a barbarous practice, but also

because in the hot weather it is calculated to produce hydrophobia. I allude to using dogs as beasts of burden. It is only a few days ago that I saw a fine specimen of the canine race harnessed to a load disproportioned to its strength. The animal I allude to, the property of a perambulating costermonger, was panting under a ponderous weight, and was foaming at the mouth for want of water to quench its thirst; while the inhuman master, with pipe in mouth, stopped at a wayside public-house to indulge in a pint of ale.

The perversion of the purposes for which dogs were intended by nature, to labours for which they are physically unequal, arises from mercenary and unfeeling motives. Their cruel owners are not satisfied that they should be the incorruptible guards of their property by night, but that they must be loaded and driven about during the day. The general manner in which they are used is to have them fastened at the axle of a cart which has two shafts at the back; the driver preserves the equilibrium by holding up the shafts, but all the draught falls on his quadrupedal coadjutor. In countries where this paltry economy is not resorted to, the very idea of a man submitting to

receive assistance from the strength of a dog would be treated with ridicule and contempt; but it has become so familiar in many parts of this country that it is never considered in this light.

In the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, and along the south coast, dogs are to be seen harnessed to small carts filled with fresh and dried fish; the entire burden not being too much for the lazy drivers to carry, who bear nothing but whips for the enduring animals. The dogs are generally of the stout mastiff breed, and have that good-humoured expression of countenance which is so often discernible in their species; and who tug their loads along at a slow pace, occasionally turning their heads round, as far as the harness permits them, to cast a look behind. I once turned to see what was the object of the attention of one of these ill-used animals, and discovered that his longing looks were directed to the gambols of three other dogs who were rioting in all the playfulness of a mock encounter. Simple as the incident was, it would have drawn forth the compassion of a wild savage for the tantalizing situation of this poor trammelled dog; his heart was with his fellows there at play, but

his limbs were doomed to confinement and servitude by his mercenary and merciless taskmaster.

It has been asserted, in defence of this cruelty, that dogs are used for similar purposes in other countries. It is true indeed that the example of the Esquimaux Indians keep us in countenance, and others equally civilized might be named, who share all the credit with us; but in this particular they derive a sufficient apology from the want of horses and oxen, and the supply of animal food they can provide for their dogs.

By a letter recently received from Madrid, I find that a dog has had a glorious triumph, as may be gleaned from the following extract: "On the entrance of the troops here, to celebrate their victories, the heroes of the day (with the exception of General Prim, who was so greeted that he had to deliver half-a-dozen speeches as he went through the streets) were a trumpeter and a dog. Their glory obscured that of all the army, and they obtained an ovation which will disturb the repose of Espartero at Logrono. The trumpeter belongs to the Bourbon regiment; he is only fourteen years of age, and is of short stature. When in Africa, he happened one day,

while in the advanced posts with his company, to be excessively hungry, and he could not get any food. At last he perceived a number of oak-trees, and said to himself, 'Where there are oaks, there are acorns; and acorns at a pinch can be eaten!' He accordingly slipped away, and, passing unobserved by the sentinels, climbed up a tree, and began eating. He was suddenly interrupted by a strange noise, and to his dismay perceived that the tree was surrounded by ferocious-looking Moors. Flight was impossible, and resistance out of the question. But a bright idea struck him; he seized his trumpet and sounded the charge. The Moors thinking that they had fallen into an ambush, took to flight.

This exploit of the trumpeter excited great admiration at the time, and on the entrance of the troops the crowd not only greeted him with enthusiasm, but he was borne in triumph on the men's shoulders, and crowned with laurels. From time to time, at the request of the people, he sounded the charge which had struck terror into the breasts of the Moors. As to the dog, he belongs to the riflemen of Baza. He was sold by his owner, for a loaf of bread, to a soldier of the fourth company at Barcelona; and his new

master gave him the name of Palomo, and shared with him his food. The other soldiers also treated him kindly, and the animal conceived an affection, not only for his master, but for the whole of the men. When the war broke out, the battalion was ordered to Algesiras to embark, and the dog was left behind at Barcelona. But just as the battalion was about to leave, he reached that port, and joined the men. How he found his way there, no one could tell. He was, however, left behind; but one day he arrived mysteriously in Morocco, and again found his battalion! He took part in all the combats up to the taking of Tetuan, and in that affair he was struck by a ball, which has made him lame for life. In the entrance of the troops he marched modestly at the head of his battalion, covered with flowers and laurel. He has been appointed honorary corporal in the battalion, and wore the insignia of that grade."

Wild-boar hunting and badger-baiting no longer exist, and otter-hunting is not carried on with such spirit as it once was, notwithstanding that the otter, as an animal of chase, affords much amusement to those who are fond of amphibious hunting. Let us give a brief descrip-

tion of an otter-hunt. In the month of May we meet by the river side. The hounds take up a trail, and carry it along, merrily dashing over the rocks, and swimming through the deep pools, and oftentimes, if the otter's ramble has been up-stream, going for miles at a good pace, right over the dry land. Then a challenge is heard, in a sort of fierce tone of defiance. The vermin is found, the terriers rush into his hole under some bank, and battle ensues. After having made a good fight and sadly disfigured the countenances of his canine adversaries, he appears under water as a long black fish. The "heugase," the tally-ho screech of the otter-hunter is heard; in dash the bipeds, then hounds and terriers, all scrambling together. "There he goes down," or "there he goes up," "bubble a vent," "halloo, halloo!" are the cries. After some exciting sport, the hunted animal is seen swimming above water; the terriers seize him, and he dies "hard," inflicting wounds on his unrelenting enemies even to his last gasp.

Turn we now to the feline species.

Although the dog is thought to be an indigenous animal of this island, as we find mention made of British dogs in the most early accounts we have of the country, it is not so

with the cat, as appears from the laws of Hoel Dha, who died A.D. 948, in which a considerable value is put upon them, and the property of them is secured by penalties.

As the cat is a beast of prey, and particularly fond of birds, the creature is apt to stroll into the fields, and if it meets with success there, will often become wild, without returning home. Hence came a breed of wild cats, which formerly were an object of sport to the huntsmen. Thus, Gerard Camvile (6th John) had special licence to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat throughout the King's forest; and (23rd Henry III.) William, Earl Warren, by giving Simon de Pierpont a goshawk, obtained leave to hunt the buck, doe, hart, hind, hare, fox, goat, cat, or any wild beast, in certain lands of Simon's.

But it was not for diversion or sport alone that this animal was pursued in chase; for the skin was of value, being much used by the nuns, in their habits, as a fur. Hence in Archbishop William Corboyl's Canons, anno 1127, article 10, it is ordained "that no abbess or nun use more costly apparel than such as is made of lambs' or cats' skins." The wild cat is now almost lost in England. As no other part of the animal but

the skin was ever of any use, it grew into a proverb, "that you can have nothing of a cat but her skin."

Many ancient pastimes are in disuse, such as the art of slinging, throwing heavy weights, casting of stones, the bar, or the plummet, darts, and other missile weapons. The use of the sledge-hammer, and, among rustics, of an axletree for the same purpose as the bar and the stone, is partially carried on in the north, but no longer can be classed among English sports.

The game of quoits is still in use. This game originated with the Greeks. It was first played at the Olympic Games, by the Dactyli Idæi, fifty years after the deluge of Deucalion, 1453 B.C. He who threw the discus farthest, and with the greatest dexterity, obtained the prize. Perseus, the grandson of Acrisius, having inadvertently slain his grandfather in throwing a quoit, exchanged the kingdom of Argos, to which he was heir, for that of Tirynthus, and founded the kingdom of Mycenæ 1313 B.C. This game seems to become an in-door as well as out-door amusement, inasmuch as the Emperor and Empress of the French introduced it during their fêtes at Fontainebleau. The quoits used upon the above

occasion were made of caoutchouc, so as to be played in a hall or long gallery.

It appears that the breed of the vulpine race in France is considerably increased, as we find by the following return:—

"The Toulonnais states that an order of the Prefect of the Var, of the 11th December last, giving premiums for the destruction of foxes, has been attended with the following results. From the 1st of January to the 1st of August of the present year there were killed 316 full-grown males, 94 cubs, 287 females, of which 103 were with young, or 770 in all."

It appears to me that such wholesale vulpecidism might be remedied by exporting French foxes to England, where in some counties we stand greatly in need of them. There is, I am aware, a very prevalent feeling in this country that French foxes are not so strong as our native ones; still it would be worth while to give them a trial. About seventy years ago some Gallic foxes were sent from the forest of Aubigny to the woods near Goodwood, and afforded excellent sport to the pack of fox-hounds then kept by the owner of that domain. It is true that Old Tom Grant, who was a regular John Bull at heart, had at first a strong

prejudice against the "foreign varmint," as he called them; but a few good runs from the Valdoe to Midhurst and Petworth soon made him change his opinion, and Tom Grant quickly became a proselyte, declaring that the *Mounseers* had afforded him excellent runs. As poisoning of foxes has unfortunately been too much the practice of late in some counties, we think that an exportation of "foreigners" to our shores would make up the deficiency.

From fox-hunting I turn to coursing. The greyhound has been for many centuries held in the highest estimation, and as there exist representations of the race above three thousand years ago, there can be little doubt as to its antiquity. The name Graius has been supposed to be derived from the high esteem in which these dogs were held, "Quod præcipui gradus sit inter canes." Others believe it to signify a Greek hound, while Whittaker traces the name to the British *greek* or *greg*, a dog. The velocity of the English greyhound in pursuit of its game has always been a matter of admiration to sportsmen, and has led to many discussions as to the relative speed of a well-bred greyhound and race-horse. The general impression is that upon a flat the horse would be

superior to the dog, but that in a hilly country the latter would have the advantage. English greyhounds have been known to run eight miles in twelve minutes in pursuit of a hare which then dropped dead, after what, considering the turns and doublings, must be deemed an extraordinary performance. These animals, as respects sporting qualities and beauty, cannot be equalled.

The smooth-haired greyhound was first imported into Great Britain from France, and was subsequently improved by well-selected individuals from the Greek Islands, from Italy, and from Barbary; but above all, by the unremitting attention of intelligent and wealthy sportsmen. Greyhounds appear to have changed the nature of their hair according to the climate they originally inhabited, for two anciently distinct races exist, one with long, the other with a close and smooth fur. The Russian and Tartar have long and shaggy hair: it is rough in Syria, Germany, and Hungary; silky in the Deccan, Persia, Anatolia, and Greece; and smooth in Southern India, Arabia, Egypt, the Greek Islands, and Southern and Western Europe. In Roumelia the Turks have a breed with smooth hair, but with long-haired ears, like those of a spaniel. In the West, how-

ever, the smooth coat is the result of importation; for the native races were rugged until the French Kings, down to Louis XV., began to introduce the more graceful breed from Constantinople, Crete, and even Alexandria.

Of the prowess of these fleet-footed dogs it will be only necessary to say that in one of the matches run at the Spring Meeting of the Turriff Coursing Club, Speed, a greyhound belonging to Mr. Gordon, of Nethermuir, took a most extraordinary leap over a hedge six feet high, with a double ditch. When the distance was measured, it was found that at this leap the dog had cleared an extent of not less than twenty-three feet, after which he continued the course with unabated vigour, and won his match.

As pedestrianism and equine feats are still the fashion of the day, we may give a few that were performed in bygone times. In the month of May, 1819, a person rode from Whitehaven to Workington, a distance of eight miles in twenty-five minutes, remained there an hour, and returned upon the same horse in thirty minutes. This was not for a wager, but on a business which required despatch.

In the annals of sporting deeds we find that

the late Hon. John Coventry rode from Worcester to London and back in twenty-two hours, three hours under the time allotted him; he rode hack horses, which he procured on the road, and the rain was much against him. An incident worth recording occurred upon this occasion: the wager was made at the Steward's ordinary, after a race-meeting at Worcester, but the person making the bet was of the welching tribe, being very willing to receive, but extremely loath to pay. At the time the hero of the match was due at the turnpike a few miles from the city, the betting-man took up his station on horseback near it, ready to ride in and claim the bet, or, *vice versâ*, to ride away. The moment Coventry appeared, fresh and well, his opponent turned his horse's head, and was no more heard of.

In July, 1820, another event came off in the sporting world, when Captain Smith rode his horse, on the Essex road, eleven miles in forty-nine minutes and forty-six seconds; time allowed fifty minutes, for a wager of two hundred guineas. The animal, sixteen hands high, was the least fatigued of the two.

"The equestrian feats of the present day (1819)," writes a sporting author, "while they

evince much science and skill, do not, however, surpass those of the jockeys sixty years ago; for, although Mr. Harrison's (of Canterbury) match, a few days since, was undoubtedly a great performance, he riding fifty-six miles in rather less than three hours and changing horses eleven times, yet it falls short of the following exploit of a noted equestrian in 1759, June 27th. 'For a wager of one thousand guineas, Jennison Shaftoe, Esq. rode fifty miles on the Newmarket course. He was allowed two hours, but actually traversed this distance in one hour and forty-eight minutes, riding ten horses.'"

In addition to these exploits, I find the following pedestrian feats in the *Cambridge Chronicle* of July, 1819. "We inserted some time ago an account of an extraordinary number of miles performed by Joseph Meads, a mail-guard. We have now further to state that the same individual has completed five years, from July 11th, 1814, to July 11th, 1818, betwixt Northampton and London, performing the distance of sixty miles every night, without halting one night, which, including the bissextile, amount to one hundred and twenty thousand, five hundred and sixteen miles, being about forty times the computed length

of Europe. The same individual has travelled with mail-coaches, as guard, five hundred and forty-seven thousand, seven hundred and forty-two miles; which is above two-and-twenty times the computed circumference of the globe." We could fill pages with similar instances, but will confine ourselves to one more. "A lad, named James Bigmore, started from Sudbury with the Phenomenon coach at half-past twelve at noon, and ran eleven miles in the first hour. On stoping at the different stages he took no rest, but insisted in putting to the horses, and again set off with alacrity. In this manner he kept up with the coach the whole way to Norwich, a distance of nearly sixty miles, where he arrived five minutes before seven; nor did he seem at all distressed, but walked about to view the city."

There are some sports that may be enjoyed by those whose avocations confine them to the metropolis.

With four horses a man may hunt twice a week from London with two packs of fox-hounds, and twice with two packs of stag-hounds. Indeed, he may, if he has a proportionate stud, hunt daily from London. Tring, which is arrived at by the Birmingham rail in an hour, is within five miles

of Mentmore, and is the very centre of Baron Rothschild's and the Oakley hounds. Slough, which you reach in five-and-thirty minutes, takes you within distance of the Queen's stag-hounds; Northampton, to some of the meets of the Pytchley, and Leamington to those of the Warwickshire. In short, whatever may be said or written against the rail, there can be no doubt that for metropolitan sportsmen it is the greatest boon imaginable. A Londoner may breakfast in the West End, hunt in Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Northamptonshire, or Warwickshire, see a deer taken or a fox killed, and be back in London for an eight o'clock dinner at the Clarendon Hotel, White's, or Arthur's, and get in time for the pantomime at Drury-Lane. I remember well the day, some two-and-fifty years ago, when, to hunt with the royal stag-hounds within five-and-twenty miles of London, it was necessary to send your hunter on over-night, to start yourself at eight o'clock, to post that distance, and perhaps not get back to your town residence until nine o'clock at night. I happen to have a memorandum of the expense of one of these hunting trips of 1820, which if compared with that of 1872 would give a considerable balance in favour of the latter:

1820.

Expense of horse to Botham's, Salt Hill, and back to London, including ostlers, turnpikes, keep, &c.	£0	8	0
Expenses of groom to ditto	0	5	0
Chaise to Salt Hill and back to London, gates and postboys	4	0	0
	£4	13	0

1872.

Horse and man per rail to Slough and back . .	£1	1	0
Fare to Slough and back by rail—cabs . . .	0	8	0
	£1	9	0

This carried on twice a week during the hunting season would make a balance of above sixty pounds in favour of modern conveyance. Another advantage in hunting from London is that you may at all times hire a first-rate hunter by the day. There are many respectable men to apply to for such purpose; their horses are always in the highest condition, and the bridles and saddles such as no gentleman need be ashamed of. The grooms, too, are steady, sober, well-conducted men, who will take their master's horses quietly to the cover side.

Shooting can of course be equally had, as the rail will convey anyone a distance of fifty or sixty miles, or indeed a greater one, in ample

time for a day's sport, and bring him home in time for a late dinner. This is equally applicable to fishing: and a man may kill a fine trout in Berkshire, or a splendid salmon in Hampshire, and bring them up long before the culinary artist will require them for the day's seven o'clock meal.

One amusement can no longer be enjoyed from London, and that is, "handling the ribbons" from the box of a well-appointed stage-coach, by the side of a civil, intelligent, and well-educated "dragsman," such as were wont to be found on the Brighton, Chichester, Windsor, Oxford, Bath, and Salisbury roads.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD DEVONSHIRE CUSTOM—RIVER AND DEEP SEA FISHING—PROPAGATION OF THE HARE—HABITS OF THE SNIPE—IMPROVEMENT IN THE BREED OF THE GREYHOUND—ASCOT RACES—ROYAL VISIT TO ASCOT IN 1814—PERSONAL ANECDOTES—THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

I have already spoken of harvest-home, but the prominence given in some of the London and provincial journals to the observance of this good old English custom reminds me that, among a variety of customs connected with different districts, almost in all there used to be a rude figure constructed, which was borne about in triumph, after the manner of the Guy Faux of the Fifth of November, and which the most ignorant rustics understood was to represent Ceres, whoever she might be, according to their understanding. In a part of Devonshire always famed for its superstitions,

when the reaping was finished, a small quantity of ears of the last corn were twisted together into a curious kind of figure, which was called the "knack" or neck, and was brought home with great acclamations, hung up over the table in the farmer's house, and kept till the next year, it being considered unlucky, if not calamitous, to part with it. In fact, a very moderate examination into the history of this ceremony in England would show, from the variety of customs with which it has been invested in different localities, how thoroughly interwoven it was with the spirit of the agricultural population. The practical character of our times may, and no doubt has done much to divest our harvest-homes of their mystical and fanciful nature; but there are few of the hardest and sternest amongst us who are not glad to witness the continuance of some rejoicing at the period of

> "That bounteous feast which Earth, the general mother,
> Pours from her fairest bosom when she smiles
> In the embrace of Autumn."

September, then, the "Hoefest monath," or harvest-month of the Saxons—the precursor of

Autumn, and which wavers between Summer and Autumn—is generally the finest month in the year; and the feathered warblers who hailed the approach of Summer with their "wood-notes wild," now take leave of it, by renewing their Spring melodies, more especially the thrush and blackbird, who recommence their songs, albeit in a more subdued tone than when they were first heard in the merry month of May; while wood-owls hoot louder than ever, and scare the timid, as they pass through the lonely church-yard.

River and deep sea fishing has furnished much amusement to the lover of piscatorial pursuits, and it may not be out of place to enter here into some little description of the finny tribe likely to be taken by the yachtsman in his trawl, or the fly-fisher and patient angler. The mullet was highly esteemed by the Romans, and bore an exceedingly high price. The epicures in the days of Horace valued it in proportion to its size; not that the larger were more delicious, but that they were more difficult to be got. The price that was given for one in the days of Juvenal and Pliny is a striking evidence of the

extravagance of the age. Dryden thus describes the transaction:

> "The lavish slave,
> Six thousand pieces for a mullet gave,
> A sesterce for each pound."

According to Pliny, Asinius (Asinus would have been a more appropriate name) Celer, a consul, gave a still more extravagant sum, namely, eight thousand nummi, or sixty-four pounds, eleven shillings and eight pence, for a fish that seldom exceeded three pounds in weight. Seneca declared that the mullet was valueless, without it died in the very hand of your guest; and such was the luxury of the times that there were stews even in the eating rooms, so that the fish could at once be brought from under the table and placed on it. Moreover, these *gourmets* put the mullet into transparent vases, that they might be entertained with the various changes of its rich colour while it lay expiring. Apicius, a wonderful gastronomic genius, first discovered the method of suffocating them in Carthaginian pickle, and afterwards procured a rich sauce from their livers. This is the same individual whom Pliny honours with the title of

Nepotum omnium altissimus gurges, an expression which is rather difficult to translate into English.

The propagation of the hare to a certain extent is not influenced by the weather. They are not affected by the wet or variable atmosphere, as are winged game. They come together earlier, according to the mildness of the season. The young generally bring forth about the month of September, and therefore many small ones will be found in most counties where the lands are favourable for greyhounds. Coursing has become a popular amusement, and the followers of the pursuit which has been aptly named "dull for an hour, mad for a minute" preserve their hares, so that the timid leveret will be spared the gunner's deadly aim until October, when she will be "so-ho'd" in some stubble or ploughed field, and fairly run to death. The same with regard to harriers. If spared until the end of September, the delay will cause an increase in stoutness, and enable them to show more sport before the highly-bred packs of the present day. To judge of the number of cubs and foxes that have been found during the last season in almost every hunting county throughout

England, it is to be hoped that vulpecides are greatly reduced in number. A few, however, still exist who carry on their unsportsman-like crusade against the wily animal, and who consider that the two diversions of fox-hunting and pheasant-shooting are incompatible. Such is happily not the case, for we know plenty of coverts where reynard and the long-tails are to be found in abundance. Foxes are very fond of rabbits, so much so that where such are plentiful, they will seek for no other food, and with the exception of a pheasant now and then, as a sort of a *bonne-bouche*, will consequently destroy very little winged game.

The habits of the snipe, as far as they are known to us, are well worthy of the attention of every sportsman. There are few amusements that can be carried on with more pleasure, from the great number of shots that may be procured during the day in a good country, and the quiet with which the diversion may be pursued without fear of trespassing upon other persons' lands. There is another advantage, which is, that neither beaters, pointers, setters, nor spaniels are required; a good double-barrelled gun, breech or barrel-loader, and a man or two to carry extra

ammunition and the game-bag, are all that are required. That snipes breed in England is beyond a doubt, and it is generally supposed that the July flight in the Fens of Lincolnshire consist chiefly of the birds bred in other parts of this country, inasmuch as very few are bred in that county. From this it is inferred that, contradistinguished from the great flight of snipes in November from the shores of Holland, the birds in August are incapable of so long a flight, but congregate in the feeding grounds from one part of England to another, as the atmosphere changes or the food allures them. Again, it is futile to seek for a snipe during March in Cambridgeshire, while they are abundant in the low lands of Huntingdonshire, where great numbers remain and breed, while those that migrate are thought to be the birds that return from the higher latitudes in the latter part of October or beginning of November. Now, as this must probably be the case in other counties, it will be well for the snipe-shooter to watch the birds narrowly, and ascertain from those on the spot when they are likely to congregate. Snipes are never found after a dry time, until the earth has been saturated with wet; and the sportsman may

generally ensure himself a shot by keeping a sharp eye on those small patches of green where the young blade has just begun to shoot and the grass looks the freshest. The best way of approaching him—an observation we need hardly make to a Fenman— is warily down wind. Dogs are worse than useless; they are incumbrances: for although they may occasionally retrieve a bird that has fallen into the water, they will counterbalance the good by flushing other birds.

Silence is essentially necessary when enjoying this sport; a whistle is the signal, as it gives no alarm, while a sound of the human voice shouting "Mark!" will scare all the snipes within hearing, and thus will give a warning to others for half-a-mile. When a bird approaches on the wing and the gunner is marking him, let him stoop quite low, for by so doing he will often drop within shot, while if the sportsman remains standing he will not settle in the same field. The same rule applies to a flock of snipe, ten couple of which we once recollect seeing settled down in the same field.

Wild fowl of all kind, teal more particularly, take little notice of their pursuers when in a

sitting posture, and there are instances of birds being lured by a call within range of the gunners. Snipes will not quit a country for one night's frost; if two occur, they will take their flight either to the margin of rivers, spring-heads, and rapid brooks at home, or seek a more genial clime abroad.

With regard to dress, all showy colours should be avoided, and the material should be of a dusky brown in open weather, of a white during a frost, exactly on the same principle that wild-fowl shooters by night always clothe themselves in flannel, and have their punts painted white so as not to permit the wary birds to discern them.

The breed of greyhounds throughout the United Kingdom has improved greatly of late, and we find that immense pains have been taken to produce animals of shape and make, such as would have gladdened the hearts of Lords Rivers and Orford some years ago; and here let us give a photographic likeness of a perfect animal. The head of the greyhound should be long, more particularly from the eyes to the tip of the nose. His eye should be moderately large, prominent, and sparkling. His ears should be short, thin,

and silky; two-thirds of their length at the tip end should hang down so negligently as to give the idea of their being perfectly powerless, the last third taking lead in the point of erection and expression of feeling. His neck should be long; his breast should be broad, for in proportion to the width of the breast is the capacity of the chest, and the more capacious the chest transversely, the greater the power of the animal, and the greater the room for respiration. It is here necessary to remark, that although he should have a broad chest, yet the elbows need not necessarily be far asunder; since, if the lower part of the cavity of the chest be rounded away, the fore arms have the privilege of coming out sufficiently near each other, and thereby still preserve the speed of the animal, which ought never to be forgotten.

Some select a deep-chested greyhound, without any reference to the transverse capacity of the thorax; now although such a formation may run fleetly for a few turns, respiration from violent exercise will cause the animal to flag, while one with a capacious thorax is able to run a severe course, and to show "pluck" to the last. His shoulder-blades should be so closely attached to

the body, as to be scarcely observed to move during ordinary exercise. The fore-legs should stand perpendicular, but should not be placed far back under the body. The foot should neither point to the right or to the left: the same remark applies to the elbows. The arm should be broad, having the muscles largely developed; the joints should be large, and the back tendons powerful. His feet should be of a middle size, being neither entirely round, nor yet long, but very deep. His claws should be strong and the dew claws firmly and closely attached. His back should be of a moderate length, rather more approaching to short than long; neither extreme, however, is desirable. Some choose a straight back, others a curved one. As far as our experience goes, a greyhound with a curved back is seldom high before, and is therefore a better killer. The loins should be broad and strong, and the muscles on each side should display great development: for on them depend power, lasting speed, and other qualifications a first-rate greyhound ought to possess. His hind-quarters should be long and broad, gradually curved, and his gaskins large. The bone from the stifle joint to the hock can scarcely be too long, while that between the hock

and the feet should be the reverse. The back tendon in the hind leg cannot be too strong, nor too far separated from the long bone with which it runs parallel; so that the space between the bone and tendon may be broad and transparent. His tail should be tolerably long, small, entirely void of long hair, and of what sportsmen term a feather. The curve should never commence until two-thirds from its setting on, and having commenced, should be formed without the slightest curl at the end. The legs should neither be too stout or too long, "*in medio tutissimus ibis.*" With regard to size, much must depend upon the country where the sports of the leash are carried on, and a bitch is not required to be so large as a dog.

Ascot, from its proximity to Windsor Castle, and the patronage bestowed upon the meeting by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, stands unrivalled for the brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion that annually gather together on this far-famed heath. In bygone days these races were only accessible to the higher and wealthier classes; for a drive of seven-and-twenty miles, whether in whiskey, buggy, gig, dog-cart, curricle, tandem, pair-horse chaise,

or four-horse "drag," was a considerable expense, and not at all calculated to suit the pockets of the million. The meeting then was strictly confined to the aristocratic and sporting circles, with the exception perhaps of a few who could afford to hire a hack, or join in a job carriage for the day. Never shall I forget the delight of my first visit to Ascot, which was in the year 1814—a period famed in the annals of this country as one in which it was honoured with the presence of almost all the crowned heads, illustrious warriors, and talented statesmen of Europe. I was then at a private tutor's at Donnington, near Newbury, enjoying that happy period of life when, emancipated from school, we were allowed, under certain restrictions, to indulge in field-sports. It was on a fine Summer's afternoon in June, when, after a tandem drive to Reading, a friend and myself had drawn up in front of the Pelican Inn at Newbury (from which excellent *hôtellerie* we had hired the dangerous vehicle). We were deep in conversation with the head-waiter, Joe Revell, as to a light supper and a bowl of "Bishop" which was to be prepared for us after the hour of evening study was over, when the ostler, who was on the double look-out for our

half-crown and any posting carriages that might be on the road to or from London, hastily seized our leader, and drawing him forward, shouted "First and second turn-out." In almost less time than I can take to describe it, our tandem was advanced some ten paces, a neat chariot-and-four had driven up to the door, the landlady was at her post, Joe Revell at his, and the clattering of four horses proved that the ostler's orders had been promptly obeyed.

"Open the door; I'll alight for a moment," said the new comer; "but don't take off the horses—they'll take me to the Reverend Mr. Knollis, and I shall want four to take me back in an hour or two."

The name of my tutor attracted my attention, and, on looking round, to my great delight, I recognised the form of my uncle, then Marquis of Huntley.

"Capital! capital!" said he, with that good-humoured chuckle for which he was known. "I heard you were deep in your classical studies: but why drive a tandem? '*Tandem* parcas insane:' it's a most breakneck affair."

"Oh! uncle," I replied, "you are a second Propertius, who exclaims against it as rivalling

the curricle—that is, if *my* translation is correct :—

"Invide tu *tandem* voces compesce molestas,
Et sine nos cursu quo sumus *ire pares*."

"Bravo, youngster," responded my relative, "you've not forgotten your Latin ; but, as I am pressed for time, suppose you and your friend jump into my carriage, and we'll drive to your Dominie's. It is lucky I forgot the name of his place, or I should have gone straight there, and missed you."

"Waiter," said the heir of the house of Gordon, "I shall want dinner for three at six o'clock, and don't forget to ice a couple of bottles of Champagne."

During our drive to Donnington, my uncle briefly explained that he had called for me, by my parents' desire, on his way from Bath to London : that we were to sleep at Salt Hill, proceed to Ascot Races the following day, and then on to town, where I was to receive instructions as to my future plans ; a hint, however, being thrown out that, instead of returning to my tutor's, I was to accompany the Duke of Wellington in his embassy at Paris. "I must see Mr. Knollis," said Lord

Huntley, "who, I have no doubt, will allow you and your brother 'dragsman' to dine with me at Botham's; and as we have no time to lose, my servant shall help to pack up sufficient things for the journey in the imperial, and the rest can be sent up to-morrow by the waggon."

Upon reaching the house, a considerable degree of sensation was created by our appearance in a well-appointed travelling chariot, with the coronet and crest neatly emblazoned on the panels. Dick, the factotum, who cleaned boots, brushed clothes, waited at table, and went messages, having opened his eyes wide with astonishment, smoothed down his hair, put on his best coat, and ran to answer the bell. The culinary artist, old Mother Tebbit, stopped peeling an onion, and with an eye to her business, exclaimed to the scullery maid, "I hope it isn't some nob come to dinner, for there's only a joint, some hashed-mutton, and a gooseberry tart. Well, come to the worst," she proceeded after a moment's thought, "you could step, Sarah, to the mill, and get a dish of eels, and I could make a nice pancake with apricot preserve."

In the meantime we had descended from the carriage, and found all my companions sitting

sub tegmine fagi, some studying Ovid and Horace, others reading an account from the *Theatrical Examiner*, of the great hit then recently made by Edmund Kean at Drury Lane. With that good taste and gentleman-like bearing which characterizes boys brought up at Westminster, Harrow, Eton, Winchester, or Rugby, they took no notice whatever of us as we crossed the small garden which led to the house.

"Why, what a studious lot!" exclaimed my relative. "How many have you?"

"Seven altogether," I replied; "but Hall has gone up to London to see his mother, who is unwell."

"Then," he proceeded, "why should we not all adjourn to the Pelican? I dare say Mr. Knollis won't mind a quiet day to himself, that is, if he will not make one, for I should be delighted to have the pleasure of his company."

Mr. Knollis shortly afterwards appeared, and, as good luck would have it, he had engaged himself to dine with the clergyman of the parish, the pious excellent pastor of Speen Hill. The invitation was then, after a formal introduction, given to my comrades, and gladly accepted.

"At six punctually," said my uncle, "we shall

meet at Botham's: in the meantime pray despatch a messenger to tell Revell to prepare dinner for seven, and not to forget to have plenty of Champagne in ice."

Dick volunteered this duty, and having received full instructions and half-a-crown, was off like a shot, by a short cut through the garden and fields —a cut well known to us all, when in haste to be time for lessons or meals. The rush then took place to our respective dormitories, so as to be dressed and ready by the appointed hour. It would require the pencil of Hogarth to depict boys and "hobbledehoys" (as they are called) going through an elaborate, yet hasty toilet for dinner, and would make a capital *pendant* for "strolling actors dressing in a barn." A lad of the name Jem Hudson, who in these days would be decked out in a green jacket, ornamented with sugar-loaf buttons, and be called James the page, but who, at the period I write of, was equipped in a plain working suit and was dubbed foot-boy, acted as valet to the young gentlemen; need I say, that on this occasion his services were called into active requisition? and to have attended to all, he must have possessed the power of ubiquity to a most extraordinary degree. "Jem, bring me

up my thin boots." "Get me out my white waistcoat." "Where's my evening coat?" "I shall want my neckcloth ironed." At the period I refer to, the art of tying a neckcloth was one deeply studied by all who had any pretensions to be considered as followers of the reigning Beau Brummel, and a small volume called "Neckclothiana," with practical instructions and illustrations as to the different ties, the manner of folding, and tying the starched cambric, was on every gentleman's dressing-table. Theory, however, without practice was unvailing, as was proved on the occasion referred to, when young Hay sacrificed four cravats in his attempt to get a successful "waterfall," so one of the most knowing devices was called.

"Jem, where are my kid gloves?" "I say somebody has smugged my lavender-water bottle." "Just clean my straps." "Who's taken my boot-hooks?" The above and sundry other cries were heard during the half-hour devoted to dressing, and my uncle, having ordered the leaders to be taken off, offered our tutor a seat in his carriage, wishing, as he said, to go round to see Speen Hill Church, but in reality to pay an act of courtesy to the kind-hearted dominie. One word

for poor Knollis, who, after living to a green old age, died some years ago, near Maidenhead, respected by all, and by no one more than by the writer of this humble tribute to worth, kindness, and integrity. Peace to his manes!

Soon after five o'clock we sallied forth in separate cliques to show ourselves off in our best holiday suits, and no peacocks were ever prouder of their plumage than we were, as we respectively paid visits to old Polly Brown, the female Gunter of Newbury, called for a watch-ribbon at the lovely Misses Bew's, or strutted into the reading-room at the Circulating Library. To me, there was a slight mixture of regret, nay, more than a slight one, at the thought of leaving my chums, my tutor, and those tradesmen with whom I had spent so much of my pocket-money and time. But there was little time for sentiment; so, bidding a hearty boyish adieu to "the girls I left behind me," antiquated Polly and juvenile Charlotte, and shaking all my friends by the hand, I joined the party at the Pelican, just at the moment the attentive landlord, followed by his attendants, had placed the soup and fish upon the table. "Green pea and giblet," "eels stewed, boiled, and spitchcocked," "perch water

zuchée," said the waiter, as the tureens and dishes were uncovered.

I need not, however, dwell too much upon the dinner, which was the old-fashioned country inn fare, and which cannot be improved upon by modern cooks; for great as Francatelli and other *cordons bleu* are, can they produce a more exquisite dish than a tender juicy rump-steak, with oyster-sauce, done to a turn, or a well-fed fowl with bacon cured at home, or a mutton-chop from a four-year-old sheep, hot and hot from the gridiron, or an aitch-bone of beef, boiled to perfection, with its tempting adjuncts of peas-pudding, fresh carrots and greens from the garden, or a pulled and grilled turkey poult, or a cold currant and raspberry, or cherry with the stones extracted, or gooseberry tart, with cream unknown in the London markets? The above constituted our fare on the occasion referred to, and when I say that some excellent Champagne, some first-rate sherry, and the finest magnums of beeswing port were added, I need hardly inform the reader that as far as epicurism was concerned, we were all thoroughly satisfied; nor was it less a flow of reason, albeit one of bowl, for my uncle had the happy knack of making himself agreeable

in all societies, old, young, patrician, plebeian, rich or poor. In the presence of royalty, as chairman of a convivial meeting, as croupier at a Scotch gathering, as president of a charitable society, as a guest at public or private dinners, the name of Huntley was connected with all that was affable, pleasant, joyous, and good-humoured, and never did he shine brighter than upon the occasion I have dwelt upon. It was not until past ten o'clock that he and I started off for Salt Hill, he having taken the precaution of sending a lettter on by the driver of the York House Bath coach, ordering beds at the Windmill, then kept by the brother of "mine host" of the Pelican. Upon the following morning we proceeded to Ascot, and reached the course about half-an-hour before the Prince Regent and his distinguished visitors, the foreign potentates, made their appearance.

The Royal Stand was full: kings, nobles, and ambassadors decorated with orders, and ladies, foreign and native, dressed in the most elegant style. There might be seen the "the rising *sun*," the heir to the throne of England; the manly form of the great Autocrat of Russia; the solemn gait of the King of Prussia; the military

figure of the Cossack Hetman, Platoff; the soldier-like bearing of Blücher; while, intermixed in this august assemblage, might be noticed the grave courtier and the stern patriot; the youthful scions of the noblesse, just launched into the ensnaring blandishments and gaieties of court life; the youthful *belle*, the faded beauty, the aged chaperon, warriors, equerries, and statesmen. The shouts that rent the air, when the crowned heads appeared in front of the stand, might have been heard miles off, and never shall I forget the enthusiasm of the public towards those who had assisted in restoring a general peace. For myself, I was in an ecstasy of joy, which was not a little increased when my uncle proposed a visit to the Prince Regent's stand, which was almost immediately carried out. Never having been presented at Court, I almost feared that I should break down when undergoing the severe ordeal of bowing to the "most finished gentleman in England;" but the courtesy, affability, and good humour of the Regent soon put me at my ease. My relative having, in an interview with the Lord Chamberlain, mentioned for the information of the Regent, that a young nephew recently appointed *attaché* to the Duke of Wellington ac-

companied him, he received the Prince's commands to invite us both to luncheon, an invitation which we gladly accepted. To describe the entertainment is far beyond my powers; suffice it to say, it was worthy of the days of Sardanapalus, Heliogabalus, and Apicius, with the addition of modern civilization and luxury.

The London Hippodrome was once popular. It was opened in 1838, and was fully attended by a patrician and plebeian multitude. The spot (within two miles of the Marble Arch) was appropriate and picturesque, the turf springy, the course well laid out, and yet the whole affair proved a complete failure. Had a large subscription been raised, and a Metropolitan Handicap been advertised, with the names of some of the leading members of the turf as stewards, the result might have been different, and the Hippodrome might have still been as highly thronged with Young Englanders of the present day as the sanded arena (from which it derived its name) was in ancient times by the Roman youth. No one, who remembers the grassy sward of 1838, would recognize the spot again; houses, streets, crescents, churches, shops, stables, taverns, and gin-palaces have sprung

up in every direction, and London may now be said to have joined a district which a few years ago was famed for its green fields, shady woods, and rippling streams. We well recollect the time when the present site of St. George's-square, Pimlico, and its adjacent streets, was bounded by Tothill Fields; when the five fields at Chelsea occupied the present Belgravia; when Harley Fields extended to within a hundred yards of Cavendish Square; when scarcely a habitable house was to be found west of Tyburn turnpike; and when Paddington was compared to a favourite spa, and Bayswater could boast of a stream similar to that of Bendemeer, thus immortalized by a poet of the day

"But when with my ramble I 'gin to grow tired,
My pipe, ale, and biscuit are always required;
I haste to regale me, retir'd from Sol's gleam,
Beneath the green willows of Bayswater's stream."

CHAPTER V.

OCTOBER—PURCHASE OF DOGS—POINTERS AND *dis*APPOINTERS—DRIVING—A DAY WITH THE PHEASANTS—CROQUET—PALL MALL—ORIGIN OF THE NAME—ALL HALLOW E'EN—THE OLD GENTLEMANS' COB—PONIES—SHELTIES.

I have already referred to October as a favourite month with the lover of field sports, especially pheasant-shooting. Fortunate, then, is the man who can sally forth on a bright autumnal morning with a trusty companion or two, a first-rate retriever, a team of well-broke spaniels, and a gamekeeper who understands his work thoroughly. As good sport depends almost entirely upon good dogs, the first object of the "gunner" should be to procure them. Those who have not convenient premises, and who object to the expense and risk of breeding

and breaking their own, I should strongly advise to place themselves in communication with some respectable gamekeeper, who, if the price offered is liberal, will probably be enabled to purchase first-rate animals. In the long run, it will be found the cheapest plan; for low-priced spaniels, setters, pointers, and retrievers, who are up to their respective work, are not to be had. How men who pass muster with the world, as possessing sufficient brains to enable them to go through the ordinary routine of life, can be found so deficient of common sense as to be taken in by the gangs of unprincipled dealers who advertise in the London newspapers their canine treasures, is a matter of astonishment to me; and yet no season passes without these sharpers finding a considerable quantity of flats. The plan adopted is to insert a flaming account in "*The Field*," "*Land and Water*," or "*Bell's Life*," to the following effect—

"To Sportsmen.—A brace of splendid red setters, dogs, three years old, an admirable match, have been shot over two seasons, are to

be sold in consequence of the owner having been ordered to join his regiment in India. The dogs are of the best Irish and English blood, extremely handsome, and now on view. Apply to A. W., —— Mews, —— Square."

An empty stable or coach-house having been engaged, the respectable owner—who has as many aliases attached to his name as there are days in the week—is seldom to be found at his post until the shades of evening have set in, a deputy who has interest in the canine stock doing duty during the day. If any fashionable "fledgling" about town, any deluded "cockney," any unsophisticated country gentleman, any unwary individual, attracted by the advertisement, calls to look at the sporting dogs, he is informed that "Lord A has nearly decided upon purchasing the setters, Sir B, the pointers, Squire C, the spaniels, and Count Z, (with an unpronounceable name) the retriever; but that if he will be good enough to call later he will be able to see his master, who will furnish him with every information." A second visit generally brings matters to a conclusion. Letters (forged ones, of course)

are shown from high-titled patricians, country gentlemen, and keepers, who all speak in raptures of the merits of the respective animals; and a warranty is given, with an agreement to take back the dogs at a trifling loss should they not suit. The money is paid, instructions are given to send the new purchase per rail to the shooting quarters, and the victims bore their friends and acquaintances with details of their extraordinary good fortune in picking up a brace or two of wonders. Scarcely has a week elapsed before they have another and a most dismal tale to tell. The pointers, or, as the wags would say, *disap*-pointers,* "Beppo," "Juan," "Don," and "Rock," turn out to possess bad tempers, legs and feet without a particle of staunchness, and noses that would fail to scent the Thames even on a July day, opposite Hungerford Market. The setters, from their heaviness of manner, loss of appetite, want of energy, weakness of the eyes, huskiness of the throat, and discharge from the nose, show unmistakable

* This reminds one of a witticism of a popular writer, who, on being told by a friend that he did not like the name of "The Factory Girl," which he had given to a new play, replied, "Then call it the *unsatis*factory girl."

symptoms of virulent distemper; and poor "Potsheen" and "Ranger" are placed under the care of the nearest canine practitioner, who, after sundry strong doses of gum, gamboge, and white hellebore powder, pronounce the disease incurable. The six brace of Sussex spaniels—"Madrigal," "Beauty," "Sappho," "Theban," "Helicon," "Iris," "Southdown," "Clio," "Dynasty," "Empress," "Ploughboy," and "Reveller"—prove to be perfectly unmanageable, and wilder than hawks, lame and footsore; while the Transatlantic retriever, "Diver," who looks like a cross between a half-bred sheep-dog and a "turnspit," has irretrievably lost the character given to him when sold, having a mouth like a vice, and a thorough hydrophobic dread of water.

The above is not an exaggerated description. I know a gentleman who last season purchased a pointer for twelve guineas, warranted perfect. The moment he fired his first barrel at a stoat, and long before he had time to test the powers of his new purchase, the brute ran home yelling and howling as if he had been himself shot through the body, "a consummation devoutly to have been wished." Upon returning the dog, which he did by the next day's train, requesting

the money might be remitted, he found the truth of Falstaff's saying—"I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour"—for both money and dog were kept. Determined not to allow so flagrant a case to go unpunished, a summons was taken out at the Marylebone county-court, when the defendant was represented by an attorney. My friend was subjected to a bullying, badgering cross-examination; but the case was so strong that a verdict for the plaintiff, with costs, was awarded. The result may easily be guessed. The canine "dodger," having changed his residence and adopted a new name, was reported *non est inventus* by the officer who had to execute the warrant. At the expiration of a year and a day, the defaulter showed himself again in London, the legal document being no longer in force, and by this time has probably victimized no end of old as well as young sportsmen, for the gentleman we have alluded to has for more than half a century been devoted to field-sports.

Within a few years "driving" has again come into vogue, and the "teams" of 1872, are far superior to those of 1810, when Sir Charles Buxton, Lords Hawke and Barrymore, Sir Henry

Peyton, and Squire Villebois were considered the best whips of the day. The four-in-hand clubs do not now think it necessary, either in dress or conversation, to ape the appearance or manners of the professional coachman. Top boots and cord breeches, gaudy striped waistcoats, broad-brimmed hats, light-green cut-away coats, decked with large mother-of-pearl sporting buttons, have given way to a less "loud" attire. Neither are the carriages built to represent public conveyances, nor the harness that of the by-gone mail-coaches. The horses, too, are of higher breed, combining strength and action.

Let me for a moment revert to sport in the olden times, which the fast men of the present day will vote "dead slow," but which our fathers and grandfathers were wont to delight in, a period when percussion-locks were not even thought of, and when the "gunner" was up at daylight to enjoy a good hearty meal before he proceeded to the hedge-rows and woods. Breakfast over, the party, seldom exceeding four or five, wended their way on foot, accompanied by the keeper and dogs, to the scene of action, where they soon com-

menced operations. Every bit of ground was made good during the day. Hedgerows were beat, coverts were penetrated, turnips were walked through, stubbles were tried on the chance of finding a covey of partridges, and, finally, the woods echoed with the sound of a sharp running fire, as the cry of "cock" was heard in the sylvan retreat. A crust of bread-and-cheese, with a glass of mild October ale at a wayside public or farmhouse, constituted the refreshment for master and man, who, after this homely repast, renewed their sport until the shades of evening set in. Returning home, the contents of the game-bags were displayed in the hall, showing a fair return of cock-pheasants (for hens were spared, enforced by the penalty of ten shillings for each bird), partridges, hares, and rabbits "Comparisons are odorous," as Dogberry remarks. We will not, therefore, lay ourselves open to the charge of drawing any odious distinction, but will be content with giving an account of a modern battue.

At about ten o'clock the party lounge into the breakfast room, jaded from the effect of the late hours in the billiard and smoking-rooms the

previous night, and pamper their appetites with broiled bones and devilled kidneys, aided by draughts of brandy and soda. Cigars and short pipes are then lit; and the guns, keepers, and dogs having been sent on, carriages and ponies are at the door, to convey the sportsmen to the place of meeting. Upon reaching it, a line of beaters is drawn up, strong enough (with the addition of loaders and men to pick up the game) to form a company or two of a regiment of the line. The "gunners" are then placed in their respective positions, where the pheasants are driven up to them. After two hours of "sharp shooting" with three or four guns to each man, luncheon is announced, consisting of hot joints, game, mutton, pigeon pies, cold meat, chicken, ham, tongue, venison pasties, baked potatoes, with every sort of potable, from pale ale to sparkling champagne. Tobacco is in requisition, and the shooting is carried on until daylight departs, when the carriages are again in attendance. In the meantime the game-cart has reached the house, and the contents have been displayed upon the lawn, that the ladies may witness the result of the prowess of the knights of the trigger. Hundreds of phea-

sants, including nearly a third of the fair sex, some awfully mutilated; scores of hares, many blown to atoms; and thousands of rabbits, a few fit only to bait traps with, are counted over by the head-keeper, who takes especial care to congratulate every "gunner" on his skilful deeds, thus ensuring "golden opinions" in return for his "soft sawder."

From sporting, I turn to a game in which, happily, the fair sex can join—I allude to Croquet—which is an admirable out-door recreation in fine weather. This game has become so fashionable since it was patronised and played at by the Prince of Wales during a Commemoration at Oxford, that no morning party is now considered complete without it, and old and young indulge in it. There is another game which we prognosticate will shortly be revived, and from which croquet seems to have taken its origin, inasmuch as, in both, mallets, balls, and arches of iron are used. Our readers will probably be aware that Pall Mall derives its name from the popular French game of paille-maille. "A paille-maille is a wooden hammer set to the end of a long staffe to strike a boule with, at which noblemen and gentlemen in France doe

play much." So writes the author of "The French Garden for English Ladies," published in 1621. Sir Robert Dallington, in 1598, thus describes the game: "Among all the exercises of France, I prefer none before the paille-maille, both because it is a gentlemanlike sport, not violent, and yields good occasion and opportunity of discourse, as they walke from one marke to the other. I marvell, among many more apish and foolish toys which we have brought out of France, that we have not brought this sport also into England." And in Blount's "Glossographia" (1670) we read—"Paille-maille (French), a game wherein a round boule is with a mallet struck through a high arch of iron (standing at either end of an alley, which he that can do at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed on, wins. This game was heretofore used in the long alley near St. James's, and vulgarly called Pell Mell." The above game was introduced into England from France in the reign of Charles I., perhaps earlier. King James I., in his "Basilicon Doron" recommends it as a game that Prince Henry should use. Charles II. was extremely fond of it.

All-Hallow E'en is the great festival of the month, and is the vigil of "All Saints' Day.'

Many curious customs are connected with it; for we find from Burns that the first ceremony of the festival is pulling each a *stock* or plant of kail. The "lasses feat and cleanly neat," the "lads sae trig (spruce) wi' wooer-babs" (the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops), go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with. Its being little or big, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband and wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune: and the state of the *custoc*, that is the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Burning the nuts is also a famous charm. They name the lad and the lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be. In some parts of England three nuts are placed on the bars, and a lover named after each. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful. If it begins to blaze or burn, the lover has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn

together, they will be married. There is a melancholy reflection connected with this month, which is that during it, forty years ago, the cholera made its first appearance in our isle, after having caused great ravages in other parts of the world. In Asia it carried off 900,000 souls in two years. October has proved fatal to many bright luminaries of the church, the bar, and the senate. Among them died Dean Swift, Dundonald, Bishop Heber, Kneller, Robert Stephenson, Kirke White and Erskine.

Turn we to another subject, and give the following sketch of a French race-course on a Sunday, written on the day Napoleon III. attended for the last time the Grand Prix. "Early this morning a thick mist hung over Paris, giving, as many predicted, a promise of the beautiful weather which was, as the day proceeded, so fully realized. Soon after noon a considerable portion not only of the beauty and fashion, but of the middle-classes, in very great numbers, were to be seen in carriages of every description, quietly and decorously making their way to the Bois de Boulogne. Nor were the smaller tradesmen, accompanied by their families, frequently of two generations, in

any degree unrepresented, but were in great numbers to be seen wending their way through the numerous foot-paths and shady walks which intersect in all directions the Bois de Boulogne; and it was pleasant to notice, under the shade of the trees, large family groups resting by the way, the daughters showing their children in their arms to their fathers and grandfathers, all looking clean, happy, and contented, and all equally bent on enjoying, with the other classes of society, the fête and holiday provided for them. As I should not wish to be misunderstood, it is better not to pass over in silence an objection that may present itself to the minds of many who will ask, 'Is this an attempt to describe a visit to a race-course on a Sunday afternoon?' I feel the full force of this question, and moreover I am sure that no Englishman or woman present this afternoon but felt their pleasure greatly lessened by this reflection. But as the sight itself is so different from a drive to an English race-course—everything objectionable and offensive being entirely excluded—I feel that something beyond the stereotyped answer of 'It is the custom of the country' might, from a French point of view, very fairly be said. You

see nothing but clean and happy faces; no shouting, no swearing, not a drunken man or woman; no singers or vendors of doubtful songs, or purveyors of anything immoral or disreputable; no gambling of any kind, and no betting, but the very little that is imported by about half-a-dozen professional betting men from London. The truth is, betting is not understood in France, and it will never take root there; it is quite opposed to the feelings and habits of the French. The Parisians, as a body, care nothing—know nothing about betting, but walk or drive into the country to see the Grand Prix, with, in my opinion, the same kind of tranquil feelings with which we should go to Chiswick or the Horticultural Gardens. I could show another point of difference; but without trenching on delicate ground, I may say that the numerous families, accompanied by their young daughters and sons, proved the confidence—well deserved—which was placed in the discretion and power of the proper authorities.

"The day was a lovely one; not a cloud was to be seen in the deep blue sky. The atmosphere was light, and of such transparent clearness that, looking down the gardens of the

Tuileries, the magnificent Arc de Triomphe (nearly two miles off) stood out with wonderful distinctness. Passing down the Rue Rivoli and up the Champs Elysées, we entered the Bois de Boulogne. Far as the eye could reach there was one unbroken line of carriages; and the splendour of the equipages, and the elegance of the toilettes of the ladies, made the scene an animated one. The drive through the well-shaded avenues—a refreshing breeze coming through the thick foliage—the scent of the flowers, the ripple of the fountains, and the sunshine playing on the broad and exquisitely kept road, which, is 'without the vestige of a weed or the apprehension of a stone,' was both agreeable and pleasant; but in my opinion the Bois de Boulogne, as a thing of beauty, would quite fail to satisfy a true lover of Nature. It is too formal and elaborately artificial, and one misses that natural and country element which is required, I think, to touch the heart and feelings of an Englishman. The equipages of the ambassadors, ministers, and other great personages were as numerous as ever; but it is too well known that there is this year a most sensible falling off in the number of the more quiet but equally well-appointed carriages

in that very large class of foreign residents in Paris whose expenditure ranged from £2,000 to £4,000 a-year. So that, while the court tradesmen experience but little diminution in their profits, a large number of their less fortunate brethren have to regret a serious falling off in their lists of good and punctually-paid accounts, which have this year, so unaccountably to them, disappeared from their books.

"Arriving at the stands of the race-course, which, so low, open, and simple in their construction, allow to every one a perfect view, it was amusing to see the various groups slowly arise. Some of the ladies went to seats provided for them, but the greater number sought the chairs placed in front, and near to the Imperial stand, and were there joined by their numerous acquaintances and admirers. A friend of mine remarked that the sight reminded him of a commemoration day at Oxford, and another said it was more like the Grand Opera. An English lady, from Leamington, appeared to be as much admired as any. She was very pale, and I heard many murmurs of, '*Elle est aussi blanche que la farine de froment.*' I did not notice the golden hair so much insisted upon. A little before the

time appointed for the Grand Prix to be run for, a few shouts from the back of the Royal Stand, and the hushed murmur that arose, indicated the arrival of the Imperial party; and immediately after, the most remarkable man in Europe, and certainly the greatest of living sovereigns—one whose life is at once a lesson and a romance—was to be seen slowly making his way to the front of the Tribune. The Emperor looked stronger, more sun-burnt, and in better health than he did at this time last year. In his eyes you could hardly fail to remark a sad and wearied expression; but the old look of resolution and determination was there as marked as ever. The Emperor was accompanied by the Empress, the Prince Imperial, Princess Murat, and General Fleury; but it was evident he took little interest in the scene before him. When the horses were at the distance-post, General Fleury almost forced a race-glass into the hands of the Emperor, who used it scarcely for a minute, and, returning it, once more relapsed into deep thought."

A quiet old gentleman's cob is as difficult to get as any species of animal; for to ride pleasantly, it is necessary to have strength, action,

and temper combined. He ought to go through his paces very much after the fashion suggested by a popular riding-master of a cavalry regiment, now no more. I give his phraseology, as being more expressive than any I can command. "Now, men," said he in a Stentorian voice, "let me see the paces done in a distinct manner; walk steady and *h*easy; trot strong and *h*active; canter light and *h*airy; charge *h*animated, *w*igorous, but not *w*iolent." Those who are not disposed to give a "fancy" sum for such an animal, I should advise to commission a friend in the country to purchase a clever sound animal unbroke, leaving his education to be pursued in London. Some years ago, our sporting readers may remember a racehorse belonging to that most estimable baronet, Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams, which bore the rather eccentric name of the "Bishop of Romford's Cob," the origin of which was, I believe, as follows. Some respectable middle-aged gentleman, with weak nerves, but large means, inquired of a London horse-dealer whether he knew of a nag that would suit him, money being no object? "Let me see," said the dealer, musing, "the bay is a little too skittish, the

grey mare not quite up to your weight, the black rather leggy—oh! I have it; Jem, bring out the Bishop of Romford's cob; he's just the animal, quiet as a lamb, handsome as paint, splendid action; only a leetle too playful for his lordship." The cob was bought by one of the *Green* family, who was ashamed to own his ignorance of episcopal sees, and fancying Romford deserved a Bishop as well as Rochester, was caught by the high-sounding title. When the story got about, it was too good to be lost, and was therefore perpetuated as I have before stated.

Of ponies, there are some excellent breeds in the United Kingdom, and among the best may be named those that come from the Welsh, the Dartmoor, and the New Forest. Independent of the above, there is annually a large importation of a beautiful race from the islands of Zetland. The Shelties, as they are called, are at once docile, strong, and finely formed, furnishing as fine a specimen of miniature equidæ as can possibly be imagined. Their heads are small, their necks and throats in due proportion, their forms firm, their legs fine, and their feet round and neat. They are capable of much endurance, and, although they scarcely exceed nine or ten hands in

height, are up to the greatest weight. To convert an ordinary pony into a shooting pony, requires much care and attention; and so scarce is a first-rate one, that the highest price will be given for it, often as much as a hundred-and-fifty pounds. Half the animals that are advertised in the newspapers are not thoroughly broken, and will move, start, or shy as the "gunner" takes his aim, thus rendering his attempt to bag his bird perfectly futile. A perfect shooting pony should stand as still as Munchausen's frozen pointer did, and never move a muscle until called upon to do so by his rider. The rein, which ought to be long, should be thrown over his neck, with a noose at the end to affix it to the saddle; and while the sportsman is raising his gun, taking his aim, and firing, the animal should be (to adopt another simile) as the celebrated lion at Northumberland House who faces Landseer's *chef d'œuvre* in Trafalgar Square. Many keepers fancy a pony is thoroughly broken when they can fire off his back with tolerable steadiness, and as they usually keep them low in food, they become, to a certain degree, tractable; but fill them with plenty of corn and beans, and a different result will arise. The quiet pony will neigh, prance,

kick and gambol about in a manner well suited to a circus, but not at all adapted for an elderly gentleman who wishes to take a collected shot. The best trained ponies I have ever met with, during a somewhat long experience, received their education from the keepers in the royal park of Richmond. These little animals, being accustomed to have the deer killed from their backs, and to carry the bucks home across their shoulders, were thus rendered perfectly quiet. Before a pony is passed, he ought to go through a pyrotechnic examination. A gun should be fired off between his ears, across his loins, and from every other position; he then should have some squibs, crackers, and rockets ignited close to him; and if under this heavy and uncertain display of ,fireworks the animal remains passive there is every reason to suppose he will turn out well; but even during these operations it will be necessary to keep him well fed, so that no change of food may cause him to forget his duty, and, a the dealers call it, "kick over the traces."

CHAPTER VI.

WATERING PLACES IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER—VISIT TO MARGATE IN 1857—SCENE ON THE JETTY—PROGRESS OF THE TURF AT HOME AND ABROAD—STEEPLE-CHASING IN FRANCE—DAY WITH THE HOUNDS OF LOUIS XVIII.—WELLINGTON IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

THERE are few spots in the wide universe that look more dull, wretched, and dreary than a fashionable watering-place during the months of October and November. I except Brighton, as there is scarcely a day in the year when that town, which was raised from a small fishing village to its present magnificence by the Aladdin-like wand of the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, is not full of life and gaiety. I have been led to make these remarks by a nautical expedition I made to Margate and Ramsgate towards the middle of October; for although, being in a well-found yacht, I could not, with Bailie

Nicol Jarvie, complain that we were unable "to carry the comforts of the Sautmarket with us," still the desolation which presented itself in these *locales*, the Summer Paradises of Londoners, was truly appalling. In vain I looked for the joyous life, the rollocking fun, the wild excitement, the noisy bustle, that once characterized these favoured temples of Hygeia. "Where are they gone?" I inwardly asked, and Echo answered "Gone." How vividly do I recollect a visit I paid to Margate during the Summer of 1857! The pier was crowded with gaily-dressed ladies, accompanied by their cigar-smoking cavaliers; the jetty was nearly blocked up with elderly gentlemen and antiquated dames in Bath-chairs; nursery-maids with their numerous charges, Willies, Tommies, Sammies, Jacks, Julias, Susans, Matildas, and Harriet Emmas; porters conveying baggage to and from the steam-boats, showing little or no respect to the pedestrians; "would be" yachtsmen with duck trowsers, blue jackets, fancy boating-shirts, glazed hats, and long telescopes, discoursing of jib-booms, close-reefed topsails, balloon sails, and spankers, and who probably, if put to the test, would answer in the way the cockney sailor once did, when upon being

asked by the captain "if he would take the helm?" responded, "I never take anything between breakfast and lunch;" young ladies dressed in the extreme of fashion, with attendant beaux, more exaggerated in their costume than their fair companions; middle-aged females, "got up" in the most juvenile manner, with knowing hats, short petticoats, and those fawn-coloured boots so peculiar to the visitors to the Isle of Thanet: ragged urchins offering their services as carriers of carpet-bags and cloaks; boatmen recommending a sail round the forsaken hull of the Northern Belle, as if the wreck of an ill-fated ship would furnish agreeable reflections on a pleasure-trip; the town band playing all the popular operatic airs to the delighted multitude—and all multitudes are delighted with music, especially when they can have it for nothing. In illustration of this, how often have I watched the listeners on such occasions! It was only last August, at Brighton, that there was a small itinerant band of instrumentalists and vocalists, who commenced playing opposite Bacon's excellent hotel, the good "Old Ship," and proceeded by short stages towards the aristocratic precincts of Brunswick Square and Terrace. Having at once

"paid my footing" I was enabled to attend to others; and unquestionably the majority, who *seemed* to have souls for music, so long as no voluntary levy was made upon them, invariably touched their companions when the tambourine was handed round for contributions, exclaiming (and in so doing adding injury to insult), "Come along, we've heard enough of this wretched music."

On Margate jetty, independent of the above parties, might be found all those professions which children introduce when trying to ascertain their future profession by a digital process: soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, gentleman, apothecary, plough-boy—we won't mention the last, because not many of the "swell mob" visit this favoured spot. If the jetty was alive, the streets were equally so; flymen, goat and donkey drivers, owners of children's perambulators and chaises; boat-men, pie-men, shoeblacks; vendors of cakes, Bath-buns, apples, pears, cherries, strawberries, pologne-sausages, lollipops, brandy-balls, ginger-beer, imperial pop, periwinkles, shrimps, red herrings, gingerbread nuts, and roast potatoes; saleswomen offering laces, embroidered collars, worked sleeves, anti-macassar

crochet-work, worsted ornaments for the table, children's socks, garters, and night-caps; salesmen with shoes, boots, slippers, boot-laces, and blacking-balls; fishermen crying fresh soles, lobsters, whiting, shrimps, Pegwell Bay prawns, mackerel "all alive," when probably, on nearer inspection, the finny tribe would be discovered to have left their native element some days previous. Then the shoving and elbowing of the pedestrians; the reckless driving of those determined to have a good hour's worth for their money; the shouts and yells of the donkey boys as they goaded their poor dumb brutes on, laden with a heavy freight of some "fat, fair, and forty" citizen; the wild scampering of tucked up, weedy, thoroughbred horses, mounted by young ladies whose hands and feet sufficiently proved that equitation had not been part of their education at Minerva House, Camberwell, Belle-vue Lodge, Clapham, Elm Mansion, Brixton, The Cedars, Hammersmith, The Priory, Camden Hill, or any other suburban boarding-school.

The bathing women were fully and actively employed, and it was necessary to secure a machine beforehand; the taverns, bath-rooms, pastry-cook shops, eating-houses, were full to re-

pletion, and scarcely a placard was to be seen throughout the town announcing "apartments," the most accommodating notice being, "one bed to be had." The Assembly Rooms were open, and Genge, the sweetest of tenors, with other talented male and female vocalists, was nightly indulging a numerous audience in the splendid building in Hawley-square; the Theatre Royal announced a number of metropolitan "stars" who were to brighten the dramatic hemisphere during the season; the American Circus was advertised to open for two evening and two morning entertainments of "man and horse," in which "stupendous elephants," "magnificent highly-trained horses," talented riders, unequalled acrobats, daring tight-rope dancers, clever ponies, educated mules, dashing female equestrians, and jocose clowns were to take part; the grotto was open; a commodious swing tempted the juveniles to the rural cottage at Shallows, where the landlord kept his guests in hot-water for the small charge of eight-pence; the largest hog in England was to be seen at the Dog and Duck bowling-green, thus giving the visitors to this picturesque spot an opportunity of "going the whole hog;" the Hussar advertised the delight and comfort of his tea, fruit, and

pleasure-gardens; Dixon the librarian, than whom a more civil, attentive, obliging bibliopolist did not exist, administered to the mental wants of the visitors by a well-assorted collection of books, and an extraordinary supply of newspapers, serials, and magazines; archery, floricultural and horticultural meetings were to be held, while excursion trains were to convey the million at the lowest possible rate to lionize the Cathedral and town of Canterbury, and to witness the unique fêtes of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; steam-boats were constantly plying to Dover and Boulogne; and last, not least, Tivoli held forth a series of attractions such as would have thrown old Vauxhall into the back-ground, fortune-telling, singing, dancing, archery, shooting, eating, and drinking being the order of the day and evening.

Such were the delights of Margate during the Summer trip. Now mark the difference during the "yellow sere" of Autumn, which forms as great a contrast as the steam-boat "Magician" of the present day does to the Margate hoy "Fortitude" of 1810.

It was on the 10th of October, 1860, that, with a fresh breeze from the north-west, and a favourable tide, we ran our "craft" into the well-pro-

tected little harbour under the pier, and were shortly snugly moored in a safe berth. On looking out, we could perceive only a few fly-men, a gentleman taking a constitutional walk, and one or two fishermen. Our arrival had not created the slightest sensation, and the whole scene reminded us of a story of our childhood, in which, under the influence of Morpheus, all the inhabitants of a castle were in a profound sleep.

Upon the following day we landed; and then the dulness became even more apparent. Half the refreshment-rooms were shut up; many of the fancy-shops had adopted an earlier closing movement than is usually carried out; the theatre had completed its season; the assembly-rooms could no longer boast of the most popular vocal talent of the day, nor was the floor graced with the movements of those who indulged in "the light fantastic toe;" the town-band had dwindled down to a few itinerant musicians with some noisy brazen instruments, and an Italian boy with a "tooth-setting-on-edge" hurdy-gurdy; the stud of donkeys was reduced to three or four; one goat-chaise alone appeared upon the stand; perambulators were laid up in ordinary near the fort; striking likenesses at one shilling each, including

the frame, were not to be had; pleasure-boats and bathing-machines were removed from the beach to snugger quarters inland; the shoe-black fraternity were represented by two or three ragged urchins who were as ready to do an odd job, run for a fly, show you to the post-office, or carry a carpet bag to the station, as to polish your boots; the flymen looked the very pictures of despairing resignation; and not even the arrival of a train could arouse them from their lethargy; the Preventive Service man walked his solitary round without being subjected, as in Summer, to sundry queries respecting the state of the tide, the weather, and the rig of vessels in the offing; the pianistes at the baths "wasted their sweetness on the desert air," and could not, like the naiads of old, attract the listeners to the liquid element; the carvers at the cook-shops, who were wont to slice acres of boiled, roast, pressed beef, tongue, hams, and fowls, found their "occupation gone;" the veteran in the archery field had terminated his bow-and-arrow campaign; lotteries and raffles no longer raised the hope of the speculator; and no coaches were plying to St. Peter's, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate.

The glories of Tivoli had faded; and a six-

penny admission and refreshment ticket was all that was left to remind the straggling visitors of this Kentish Cremorne.

The whole town, from the Royal Crescent, at the west end, to the eastern extremity, near the neat Coastguard station—from the pier on the north to the old parish church in the south—with the intermediate streets, squares, crescents, rows, parades, and terraces, hung out their flags of distress, in the shape of "houses" and "apartments to let." Killick's well-regulated boarding-house was almost tenantless. The last new novels were left to grace the bookcases of the respective libraries, instead of being anxiously sought after by the reading public. Letter and note-papers, headed with select views of Margate and the humours of the bathing-machines, were neither looked at through the windows, nor asked for. Vintners' light spring-carts no longer conveyed pale sherry, old port, Bass's ale, or Guinness's porter to the thirsty visitors. Cobb's draymen had, comparatively speaking, a holiday, the consumption of his malt liquors, which are "No. 1, letter A," being confined to the residents and occasional stragglers like ourselves. The apothecaries' boys, partly owing to the salubrity of the

air and the dearth of strangers, could whistle leisurely by the way, "for want of thought." The post-office was not besieged with anxious inquirers; the decks and cabins of the London steamers were not thronged with passengers; there was no rush at the railway for the best seats; the electric telegraph was mute. Shell and sea-weed gatherers had ceased their labours. The notice of the Council of the Borough, headed by the name of the Mayor, and signed by the Town Clerk, threatening law proceedings against those who wilfully exposed themselves while bathing, was a dead letter, as with a strong wind blowing from the north-west, scarcely one individual was found rash enough to take an immersion in "the briny." The awning of the bathing-machines, spotted like Lord Zetland's racing jacket, were hung out to dry; and the horses that dragged the lumbering vehicles half-a-mile over the sands and shingle, were turned to some other purpose. The streets were no longer enlivened with Punch's Thespian puppet-show, the Royal Marionettes, wandering troops of negro melodists, and jointless acrobats; the attention of the servant-maids was not attracted by some well-turned-out "drag," freighted with young cavalry officers from Canterbury

barracks; nor were the children and nurse-maids scared at the appearance of some military-looking cavalier, mounted on a superb charger, who,

> "With heel insidiously at the side,
> Provoked the canter which he seemed to chide."

in his earnest attempt to "witch the world with noble horsemanship." In short, the "Hall of Tara" immortalized by Thomas Moore, Goldsmith's

> "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,"

the banqueting-room so beautifully described by Byron, the scene of Macbeth's *cœna* and Banquo's spirit, were not more deserted than was Margate at the period we write of; and we, who in the Summer of 1857 thought ourselves very lucky in securing a bed made up on the sofa, in a small room, of unhealthy ventilation, and with spare adjuncts to the toilet, for which we were charged six shillings a night, were in October last offered drawing-room apartments in one of the best houses, in the most fashionable situation, for a guinea a week; and, if taken for the Winter, the whole of the house, containing four stories, and beautifully furnished, at the same rate.

In conclusion, Margate will, I have no doubt, after its Winter eclipse, again shine forth resplendently in the Summer, and prove exhilarating to the spirits of the happy throng that gather there, while it will tend to restore the invalid to, and keep the convalescent in, perfect health.

The progress that the Turf has made within the last few years has not been confined to England. It has been extended to America, France, and Germany, and the meetings that have been held in the United States, on the plains of our nearest continental neighbours, and in the German provinces, are of such importance that they may truly be said to rank with many provincial races in our island. I well remember the time when the first English race took place in France. It was in 1815, on the plains of Neuilly, near Paris, during the occupation of that city by the Allied Army. Never can I forget the surprise of the light-hearted Parisians upon witnessing some dozen English thorough-bred horses, mounted by English officers, led to the post, and ridden in a manner that quite surprised their weak minds, the race being as unlike the usual contests on the hard dusty course of the Champ de Mars as a donkey-race

is to the St. Leger, a French jockey, five-and-thirty years ago, to the late Jem Robinson, or a Calais *diligence* to the Brighton "Age."

When steeple-chasing was first introduced abroad, no foreigner had a chance against our countrymen. Since that period, however, many excellent riders have sprung up, and the rugged steppes of the Crimea and the green swards of "Merrie England" have witnessed the triumphs of the sons of France. For a length of time turf meetings were confined to Paris and Chantilly; now they have extended to every town of any importance, and the Boulogne, Dieppe, and Valenciennes races of recent years have been attended with the greatest success.

Hunting too, has made wonderful progress in France. I well remember the time, during the Winter of 1814 and 1815, when I enjoyed this so-called sport with the Royal stag-hounds. Anything more tame or unsportsmanlike could not well be imagined. It was a system of galloping up and down large forests amidst the sounds of horns, the anathemas of the Royal huntsmen, the hallooing of the *piqueurs*, the yells of the hounds as they were ridden over by some forward Nimrod, and the shouts of the assembled popula-

tion on foot. Often did the late Duke of Wellington take part in this diversion; and, to show my readers what stag-hunting was in France, I will record a grand day with the hounds of Louis XVIII.

The rendezvous, on the occasion I refer to, was at *La Croix du Grand Veneur*, in the forest of Fontainebleau — an obelisk where four roads meet, which, according to an ancient legend, received its name from a spectral black huntsman of the Der Freyschütz school, who was supposed to haunt this spot, and who appeared to Henry the Fourth shortly before his assassination. At the hour named, the Royal party, consisting of Louis XVIII., the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, the Count d'Artois, and the Duke de Berry, attended by a brilliant staff, drove up, escorted by an advanced guard of Cuirassiers and a body guard of Lancers. In the first carriage, which was of huge dimensions, with the arms of France emblazoned on the panels, and drawn by eight short-tailed brown horses, six-in-hand, and a postillion on the leaders, sat *Le Prefet d'Angleterre* (as the newly-restored monarch was contemptuously termed), the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, and the Count d'Artois

Then came another carriage-and-eight, containing the Duke de Berry and his aid-de-camp. Two empty landaus followed, in case of accident; a very necessary precaution, considering the badness of the roads and the weight the horses had to draw. The gorgeous costume of the eight tall footmen was worthy of a London Lord Mayor's show, and the postilions were not less magnificent in their blue jackets covered with silver lace, their huge cocked hats, and Brobdingnag jack-boots. The French Princes, after warmly recognizing the late Duke of Wellington, who was one of the party, mounted their hunters, and prepared themselves *pour la chasse*.

The King and the Duchess d'Angoulême, after a brief interview with the Iron Duke, exchanged their lumbering carriage for a light open barouche, and attended by the ranger and deputy-ranger of the forest, and a party of *gendarmes*, drew up by the cover's side. The hounds, albeit the piqueur declared they were bred in *la belle France*, had evidently a cross of our fox-hounds. The huntsman turned out in a long blue-coat covered with lace, jack-boots, and chain-spurs, while he sported a powdered head, and a gold-laced cocked hat fit for a London sweep on the First of May. A

large French horn was slung over his shoulder, and a huge *couteau de chasse* hung by his side. His horse, quite as fat as a Suffolk punch, was as fine as red velvet housings, leather holsters, gold-embossed bridle and crupper could make him. The *valets des chiens* wore cocked hats, scarlet jackets, white "unmentionables," silk stockings, and *pumps*, which, according to the oft-quoted authority of Joe Miller, were put on to let the water out. A few *gendarmes*, mounted on long-tailed black horses, were in attendance, to protect the royal Bourbons from the pressure of the plebeian crowd. The hounds were then laid on, and all the field remained breathlessly silent, straining their oral organs to catch the *à droites* and *à gauches* which were hallooed out to intimate the line the deer was taking. At length the Duke de Berry gave a shout that echoed through the forest, and, putting spurs to his horse, started off at a killing pace, followed by some *gendarmes*, who in vain tried to keep up with the royal sportsman.

"Hold hard, give them time," shouted the Duke, interspersing his injunctions with certain English execrations, which, at the London Magisterial price of five shillings an oath, would have

mulcted his Highness of a considerable sum. In a second, away went the whole field—deer, hounds, huntsmen, sportsmen, equestrians, and pedestrians—amidst the shouts of the gathered crowd: Wellington and his aid-de-camp being well in front. For some time the "antlered monarch of the wood" kept to his sylvan home; but being hotly pressed, as much by some English Nimrods as the hounds, took to the open country.

"Hold hard!" again shouted the Duke de Berry.

"Arrêtez, Messieurs," cried the piqueur.

"Turn him back to de wood," ejaculated another, in broken English.

Despite, however, of all these injunctions, and a volley of foreign maledictions, the sons of Britain, headed by the warrior Duke, succeeded in keeping the pack in full cry over a fair hunting country, taking practically as well as figuratively *French* leave of the royal sportsmen. One of the huntsmen went about a hundred yards with us, when he "craned" at a ditch about two feet broad. We shouted that there was nothing to stop him, but he politely doffed his hat, and said, "*Adieu! Messieurs, au revoir; je ne saute pas les grandes fosses.*" Several plains were

passed, woods skirted, a small brook crossed, some swampy meadows traversed, when we came to a large lake.

"He's dead beat," shouted a self-elected huntsman, the aide-de-camp above alluded to; and true it was, for the words were scarcely uttered ere the deer was seen in great distress—the hounds close up to him. From scent to view was most exhilarating. "Hark forward!" was the cry. In a second the deer gained the water, and plunged into it. Anxious to save the gallant animal which had afforded us so much sport, we whipped off the hounds, and rushing into the lake, attempted with a "lasso," made of stirrup leathers, to secure "the poor sequestered stag," which looked as deplorable as the one mourned over by the "melancholy Jaques" in the forest of Arden. Before we had succeeded in our attempt, the Duke de Berry, followed by his staff, galloped up, and seizing a rifle took an unerring aim at the hunted animal, which, pierced in the shoulder by this bullet, and receiving another in the brain, from the expert hand of a *garde de chasse*, fell dead, much to the delight of his Royal Highness, who was highly complimented on his prowess, both as a rider and a marksman,

by those who did not or would not see that the Duke had not been with the hounds since the deer took to the open, and that the fatal shot came from the keeper's gun, and not from that of the French Prince.

Wellington, upon the above occasion, out of compliment to Louis XVIII., appeared in the dress of a chasseur of that day; but, although his Grace did not object to such a transformation as that produced by substituting a green and gold embroidered coat, a cocked hat, a *couteau de chasse*, and jack-boots, for his usually neat hunting attire, he would not allow his clever English horse to have his plain saddle and bridle exchanged for one covered with velvet and lace, and boasting a crupper and a pair of holsters that would have done credit to one of Franconi's highly-trained circus animals. Wellington was devoted to hunting, and had he been trained earlier in life to it, would have been (as he was in a military point of view) difficult to beat. He possessed an ardent love for the sport, had a quick eye, and no lack of courage. I can see him now "in my mind's eye," mounted on a thorough-bred English hunter, galloping over the plains near Vienna with the late Lord Londonderry's fox-

hounds, after a bag fox. I again have a vision of him in the forests of Fontainebleau, St. Germain, and Compiègne with the Royal stag-hounds; or, over the wild country that surrounded his residence, the Château de Mont St. Martin, near Cambray, with the wild-boar hounds. I see his animated look, his cheery smile, his countenance beaming with joy, as, escaping from diplomatic or military duties, he enjoyed a gallop with the hounds, encouraging by his own example officers under his command to participate in this manly exercise, which he knew well was not only conducive to their health, but rendered them hardy and courageous; their exploits against wild animals being a prelude to their future victories.

During the reign of Napoleon the Third, the same advance that has been made in science, art, mechanics, agriculture, and architecture, was extended to the sports of the field, and few sights were more interesting and exciting than a day with the Imperial hounds, when the customs of old were retained, with all the modern system of venerie. The Emperor is a bold horseman, and being admirably mounted, rode well to hounds. Many of his staff, and the majority of

the young Parisians, followed the example of their ruler, and devoted much of their time and fortune to this pursuit. English curricles, phaetons, tilburies, gigs, and dogcarts may now be seen on the road to the race-course and the hunting meet; and thorough-bred horses contend for prizes on the turf, and follow the fleetest of stag-hounds, where formerly half-bred over-fed animals raced over a dusty course, little better than the ride in Rotten Row, or galloped up and down the rides of the royal forests, showing evident symptoms that their breathing powers were out of order.

CHAPTER VII.

A FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSION OF AN ENGLISH NOVEMBER—SPORT OF THE MONTH—A CURIOUS CASE AT BOW STREET—AMUSING ANECDOTES—PARISIAN STEEPLE-CHASES—INSTINCT OF A DOG—SHOOTING IN COVER—LETTER FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT—BOB, THE FIREMAN'S DOG.

According to a Frenchman's notion of England, the principal occupation of our countrymen in the gloomy month of November is the commission of suicide; and yet we will take upon ourselves to say that there are quite as many acts of self-destruction committed in *la belle France* as in our own foggy island during the above period. Occasionally we admit, the inhabitants of the metropolis are for four-and-twenty hours enveloped in a dense vapour, but in the country the weather is seasonable, and admirably adapted to field-sports; for it seldom happens that hunting is stopped, eleven or twelve nights of frost being about the average.

Ennui, or "blue-devils," however, need never take possession of the sportsman during the month of November; for he may enjoy hunting, coursing, deer-stalking, steeple-chasing, pheasant, woodcock, partridge, wild-duck, snipe, hare, and rabbit shooting. For a man who can ride well to hounds, and who can afford to buy or hire a good stud of hunters, there is no country like Leicestershire; and Melton may be looked upon as the *beau-ideal* of a sportsman's paradise. There are few sights in the wide world that can come up to the hunting-stables in this celebrated place; and when, in addition to a lounge to these during a frost or after a blank day, we add that the "meets" of the Quorn and Cottesmore are within distance, that the society both of the lords (and ladies) of the creation is perfect, and the hospitality unbounded, what more can be said in favour of this town, famed for Nimrods and pork-pies? To those who wish to unite balls, concerts, theatricals, and tea-parties with the "noble science," I should recommend Leamington or Cheltenham; for at both Spas the former will be had to the highest degree of excellence, while the hunting, especially in Warwickshire, will satisfy any sportsman, or ought to do so. By the

death of Earl Fitzhardinge, the Gloucestershire Spa was deprived of a munificent patron, for in addition to his lordship's fox-hounds, which hunted alternate months during the Winter season, a subscription pack of staghounds was kept; but the loss has in a great measure been repaired by the spirited and successful exertions of Sir Reginald Graham, who showed great sport last season, and gave promise of becoming a most popular master of hounds. I had the good fortune to meet them some few years ago at Sudley Castle, which, like the famed abbey of Vallambrosa—

> "Ricca e bella, non men religiosa
> E cortese a chiunque vi venia."

And certainly a more brilliant sight I never witnessed. The ancient building and chapel, the burial-place of Catherine Parr, with its historical associations; the galaxy of beauty assembled in the court-yard; the hearty good Old English welcome of the host and hostess; the presence of many fair followers of Diana—

> "Pars ego nympharum quæ sunt in Achaide, dixit,
> Una fui nec me studiosius altera saltus:
> Legit, nec posuit studiosus altera casses;"

the well-mounted establishment; the condition of the pack; the courtesy of the master—all united to give a splendid picture of England in the present day, blended with the hospitality of olden times.

A curious case which occurred in July, 1834, was thus reported:

Information by a Nobleman against Dealers in and Possessor of Game — Mr. Geo. Fisher, a licensed retailer of game in Duke-street, St. James's, appeared upon a summons at Bow Street, issued by Sir Frederick Roe, upon the information of the Most Noble the Marquis of Queensberry, for unlawfully disposing of certain birds called "red game," between the 19th of March and the 1st of August, contrary to the provisions of the game-laws. The noble Marquis, Sir Roger Gresley, and other extensive owners of property in the northern counties, were present as the supporters of this and another information. After the first case was substantiated, that of M. Eustache Ude, the celebrated French cook, came on. Sir R. Gresley deposed that he was a member of Crockford's Club-house, and one of the managing committee of that establishment. The

defendant was cook there, and on the 19th of June witness dined at the Club-house, and saw grouse served in the room, but did not partake of it.

M. Ude: "Vell, my dear Sare Roger, vat is all dis to me? Certainement you must know dat I don't know vat de devil goes up into de dining-room. How de devil can I tell veder black game, or vite game, or red game go up to de dining-room? Dere is plenty of game always go on in de house, but dat is noting to me, my only business is to cook for de palates of dose who like de game."

Sir R. Gresley: "I really don't know what in common justice M. Ude can have to do in this matter. He is the cook of the establishment certainly, but he only prepares what is ordered. The committee order the things, and he provides according to those orders."

M. Ude: "Tank you, my dear Sare Roger, I knew you voud get me out of de scrape vot de noble Marquise has got me into dis time."

Lord Queensberry: "I was a member of the committee of Crockford's, but am not now. I was at Crockford's on the 19th, and dined, and grouse were served at the table."

M. Ude: "But, my noble friend (great laughter), as I said to my friend, Sare Roger, I know noting at all about vat vent into de room: I never sawed it at all. De orders are given to me. I send my people to de butcher and to de poulterer, and to de fishmonger, and de tings are brought, and I command dem to be cooked, and dey are cooked, and dat is all I know about it."

Sir F. Roe: "Whether you know it or not, the Act of Parliament makes you liable."

M. Ude: "Upon my honour dat is very hard. Ven I got de summons I remonstrated vid my Lord Alvanley, and he said, 'Oh, never mind, Ude; say they vere pigeons instead of grouse' 'Ah, my lord,' say I, 'I cannot do better dan call dem pigeons, because dat bird is so common in dis house.'" (Loud laughter).

Sir F. Roe, who appeared greatly to enjoy the scene, said he must convict the defendant, but he should certainly put the lowest penalty, namely five shillings.

M. Ude: "Vell, I shall pay de money, but it is dam hard (laughter). Ve have always game in our house, and de poor devil of a cook have to pay de penalty for it." (Great laughter).

The defendant paid the five shillings and costs, and the Marquis of Queensberry said: "The only object in laying the information was to protect himself and other large proprietors in the north from the spoliation which was carried on to a great extent by poachers."

Another amusing anecdote occurs to us. It appeared in the *Bristol Mercury* in September, 1820:

"*Suicidal Bargains.*"—The following bargain is stated to have taken place lately at Hertford, between a man commonly called Whistling Joe, keeper to Lord J. Townshend, of Balls, and a person named Cockerell, who has been for some time selling dogs in the neighbourhood. The keeper agreed to give Cockerell £4 for the dog, and to stand to be shot at by him at fifty yards, with ball cartridge! and his body, if he was killed, was to be reckoned at £3, to make up the price of the dog, which was estimated at £7; but if he was not killed, he was in his turn to have the dog, and a shot at Cockerell. Accordingly he took his distance at fifty yards, placing his hat at his feet: and Cockerell, with a musket and ball cartridge, actually fired at him. The ball,

passing between his legs, struck his hat, and beat up the dirt in his face! Cockerell declined receiving the keeper's shot, and gave up the dog. They then agreed to fight with muskets, at fifty yards distance, the next day, but were prevented from the circumstance being known. Cockerell is said to be of respectable family near Towcester."

Parisian steeplechases, although admirably conducted and contested for, make us blush for our countrymen; who, on the principle of "doing at Rome as the Romans do"—a saying which was improved upon by a lady declaring that "in Turkey we ought to do as the Turkeys do"—desecrate the Sabbath on these occasions. The representations made to the French Jockey Club to change the day unfortunately failed, and the scandal attached to the breach of a proper observance of Sunday by Englishmen still exists.

In referring to the sporting literature of the last century, I find that a steeple-chase took place (probably the first) on the 16th January, 1792. The account is as follows: "A match was run for a thousand guineas in the county of Leicester from Melton Mowbray, and across the country to

Dalby Woods, being a distance of ten miles, by a horse the property of Mr. Hardy, and ridden by Mr. Loraine Smith's butler, against the best hunter the Honourable Mr. Willoughby could procure, ridden by his whipper-in, which was won by the former, by a distance of nearly two miles. At starting the odds were 3 to 2 in favour of Mr. Hardy, whose horse went over the country in fine style. The intrepidity of the riders was astonishing; but the advantage of superior skill and excellent horsemanship was evidently on the side of Mr. Hardy, whose rider showed much knowledge of hunting by his manner of choosing his leaps, many of which were well performed."

From the above period, steeple-chasing does not seem to have made rapid progress; for in 1804 we hear of one headed "Curious Horse Race," and which is thus described: "A wager betwixt Captains Prescott and Tucker of the 5th Light Dragoons was determined on Friday, the 20th of January, by a single horse-race, which we learn is denominated *steeple-hunting*. The race was run from Chapel House, on the West Turnpike, to the Cowgate, Newcastle, a distance of about three miles in a

direct line across the country, which Captain Tucker gained by nearly a quarter of a mile. The mode of running such races is not to deviate more than fifteen yards from the direct line to the object in view, notwithstanding any impediments the riders may meet with, such as hedges and ditches. The leading horse has the choice of road to the extent of the limits, and the other cannot go over the same ground, but still preserving those limits, must choose another road for himself." In the following year the newspapers of that day teemed with the following report, by which it will be seen that the present rules for steeplechasing did not then exist, as we read of one of the riders getting an awkward fall when going through a hand-gate.

"*Extraordinary Steeple-race*—On the last Wednesday in November, came on for decision a match which had excited much interest in the sporting world, and which amongst that community is known as a steeplechase, the parties undertaking to surmount all obstructions, and to pursue in their progress as straight a line as possible. The contest lay between Mr. Bullivant, of Sproxton; Mr. Day, of Wymonham; and Mr. Frisby, of Waltham; and was for a sweepstakes

of 100 guineas staked by each. They started from Wornack's Lodge at half-past three o'clock to run round Wodal head and back again—a distance exceeding eight miles. They continued nearly together until they came within a mile and a half of the goal, when Mr. Bullivant, on his well-known horse Sentinel, took the lead, and appearances promised a fine race between him and Mr. Day; but unfortunately in passing through a handgate, Mr. Day's horse's shoulders came in full contact with the gate-post. The rider was thrown with great violence, and as well as the horse was much hurt; nevertheless, Mr. Day remounted in an instant, and continued his course. Mr. Bullivant, however, during the interruption made such progress as to enable him to win the race easily. The contest for second place was extremely severe between Mr. Day and Mr. Frisby. The last half-mile was run neck and neck, Mr. Day beating his opponent by a head. The race was performed in 25 min. 32 secs."

In 1810 we find the following notice in a sporting work of that year. "The amateurs of *breakneck* amusements will to-morrow be gratified with a race not very common in the annals of sporting. Two gentlemen of riding celebrity are

matched to run their horses over four miles of *cross-country* ground, chosen by judges especially appointed, who, it seems, in making the devious course, have no regard whatever to obstructions, arising either from *gate*, *hedge*, or *ditch*; so that the most *undaunted* at *flying leaps* will probably win the race, which is for £50: one horse carrying 15 stone and the other 13 stone, 12 lb. The race will take place at no great distance from Lewes." We have no authentic record of the steeplechase, but have no doubt that it was between two officers of the 10th Hussars, then quartered at Brighton, and who kept the game up pretty well in those days. In the hunting-field, on the turf, or on the road, there were few more sporting characters than the "Elegant Extracts," as many were afterwards called, upon their being removed into other regiments from the Prince of Wales's own corps.

Shooting is now at its prime, and in addition to the nut-brown partridges, who are rather wild, the splendid pheasant and timid hare, woodcooks, and snipes abound. A well-known shooting authority says that "the pursuit of woodcocks with good spaniels, or starters, as they are called, may be termed the foxhunting of shooting"; and

December is one of the best months for the pursuit of these migratory birds. Regarding the so-often-mooted question as to whether starters, or setters with bells round their necks, are best for woodcock shooting, I will offer a few remarks. If a man has to beat over a country that is mostly open, but studded here and there with small covers, let him uncouple his setters; but shooting over such grounds can scarcely be called woodcock shooting, as he will be almost certain to find more game of other descriptions. He, however, who really bends his way over a district so wooded that the woodcock is likely to be met with at every turn, must look to his starters chiefly for sport; and if they run a little wild, so much the better. Many of our readers, unaccustomed to woodcock shooting in the wilder parts of Great Britain, may smile at this; but, paradoxical as it may appear to them, we believe it to be true. A spaniel taught, as they generally are by English gamekeepers, not to roam more than twenty, or at most thirty yards from their master, would not be the thing to beat woods with, that are in some parts so thickly studded with underwood and brambles that it is almost impossible for the sportsman to penetrate them. All starters should

of course be obedient to call; but, under such circumstances, it is best to have those that will beat the ground far and near. For our own part, we prefer starters to setters; to beat cover with the latter is slow, dull work. We are continually listening for the dogs, creeping up to them, or losing them; whereas with starters it is an exhilarating scene, for we go on beating the cover in much less time, and more perfectly. Of course occasionally a bird is flushed out of distance, but there is every prospect of finding him again.

A few remarks upon shooting in cover may not here be out of place, especially when woodcock shooting. That accidents are more liable to happen upon such occasions than whilst sporting over open grounds must be apparent to everyone, and, as a matter of course, greater precaution ought to be observed. The first thing to be attended to, when two or more are shooting together, is to keep in a line, and shoot fairly. Should the thickness of the cover prevent the sportsmen beholding each other, they had better, by calling out every now and then, make known their position to their friends. Where beaters are employed double caution is required; and it is better to let any quantity of game escape than to run

the risk of killing or maiming a friend, a keeper, a beater, or even a dog.

Coursing is now being carried on, and it may here not be out of place to lay before our readers a letter addressed by Sir Walter Scott to the editor of a work entitled "The Course's Manual." He had asked Sir Walter for a contribution, and received therewith the ancient Scottish ditty of "Auld Heck." The letter runs as follows:—

"*Abbotsford, October 30th*, 1828.

"DEAR SIR,—I have loved the sport of coursing so well, and pursued it so keenly for several years, that I would with pleasure have done anything in my power to add to your collection on the subject; but I have long laid aside the amusement, and still longer renounced the poetical pen, which ought to have celebrated it, and I could only send you the laments of an old man, and the enumeration of the number of horses and dogs which have been long laid under the sod. I cannot, indeed, complain, with the old huntsman, that

* * * 'No one now
Dwells in the hall of Ivor—
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead!
And I the sole survivor;'*

* Wordsworth.

but I have exchanged my whip for a walking-stick, my smart hack has dwindled into a Zetland shelty, and my two brace of greyhounds into a pair of terriers. Instead of entering on such melancholy topics, I judge it better to send you an elegy on 'Bonny Heck,' an old Scottish poem, of very considerable merit in the eyes of those who understand the dialect.

"The elegy itself turns upon a circumstance which, when I kept greyhounds, I felt a considerable alloy to the sport. I mean the necessity of despatching the instruments and partakers of our amusement when they begin to make up, by cunning, for the deficiency of youthful vigour. A greyhound is often termed an inferior species of the canine race in point of sagacity; and, in the eyes of an accomplished sportsman, it is desirable they should be so, since they are valued for their spirit, not their address. Accordingly they are seldom admitted to the rank of personal favourites I have had such greyhounds, however; and they possessed as large a share of intelligence, attachment, and sagacity as any other species of dog that I ever saw.

In such cases it becomes difficult, or impossible, to execute the doom upon the antiquated grey-

hound coolly recommended by Dame Juliana Berners—

> 'And when he comes to that yere,
> Have him to the tannere;
> For the best whelp ever bitch had
> At nine years is full bad.'

Modern sportsmen anticipate the doom by three years at least.

"I cannot help adding to the 'Last Words of Bonny Heck,' a sporting anecdote, said to have happened in Fife, and not far from the residence of that famous greyhound, which may serve to show in what regard the rules of fair play between hound and hare are held by Scottish sportsmen. There was a coursing club, once upon a time, which met at Balchristy, in the province, or, as it is popularly called, the kingdom of Fife. The members were elderly social men, whom a very moderate allowance of sport served as an introduction to a hearty dinner and jolly evening. Now, there had her seat on the ground where they usually met a certain large stout hare, who seemed made on purpose to entertain these moderate sportsmen. She usually gave the amusement of three or four turns as soon as she

was put up—a sure sign of a strong hare, when practised by any beyond the age of a leveret—then stretched out in great style, and after affording the gentlemen an easy canter of a mile or two, threw out the dogs, by passing through a particular gap in an enclosure. This sport the same hare gave to the same party for one or two seasons; and it was just enough to afford the worthy members of the club a sufficient reason to be alleged to their wives, or others whom it might concern, for passing the day in the public-house. At length a fellow who attended the hunt, nefariously thrust his plaid or great-coat into the gap I mentioned, and poor puss—her retreat being thus cut off—was, in the language of the dying Desdemona, 'basely—basely murdered!' The sport of the Balchristy Club seemed to end with this famous hare. They either found no hares, or such as afforded only a halloo and a squeak, or such, finally, as gave them faster runs than they had pleasure in following. The spirit of the meeting died away, and at length it was altogether given up.

"The publican was of course the party most especially affected by the discontinuance of the club, and regarded, it may be supposed, with no

complacency the person who had prevented the hare from escaping, and even his memory. One day a gentleman asked him what was become of such a one, naming the obnoxious individual. 'He is dead, sir,' answered mine host, with an angry scowl; 'and his soul kens this day whether the hare of Balchristy got fair play or not.'

"WALTER SCOTT."

An interesting instance of the instinct of dogs. is afforded by the following authenticated fact. A four-year-old hound, Stormer by name, belonging to the late Lord Fitzhardinge, was lost at High Meadow, near the Forest of Dean, and every attempt to recover him proved ineffectual. At the end of a week, upon inquiry, it was ascertained that a foxhound had been seen to approach very near to the passage boat, and as an attempt was made to capture him, he started off and escaped his pursuers. Baffled then in his attempt to be ferried over the Severn (at high water a mile and a-half in breadth, at low a third of that distance), he boldly faced it, swam across, and reached the kennel safe and sound, much to the delight of his master, who feared that in so wild

a district, and among so large and mixed a population, this favourite hound would never have been recovered.

There are few dogs that have attained higher canine honours than the late "Bob," who was attached to the London Fire Brigade. This sagacious animal was in the habit, whenever the alarm-bell at the station sounded "Make ready!" of starting, and running in front of the engine, as an advanced guard, or quadrupedal pioneer, to clear the way; and when he approached the scene of conflagration, he would run up ladders, force his entrance through windows, and make his way into rooms full of smoke and combustible matters, even quicker than his biped assistants. Some time ago, when an awful explosion took place in the Westminster-road, "Bob" darted into the burning house, and was shortly afterwards seen to leave with a cat in his mouth. At another fire in Lambeth, "Bob" attended, as usual; and although the firemen were told that all the inmates had been saved, this animal, with an instinct peculiar to his race, would not leave a side-door, but continued to bark loudly. Attracted by the sound, the men of the Brigade felt convinced that some one was still in the passage;

and upon breaking open the door, a child was discovered, nearly suffocated. At the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, this canine "Fire-King" went through some of his extraordinary performances, such as showing how to pump the engines, carry the hose in his mouth, and other wonderful evolutions, proving how dumb animals can be made obedient by kind and gentle treatment. The poor dog, like his predecessors, fell a victim to his exertions; for, in May, he was run over by an engine, and killed. "Bob" always appeared with a brass collar, on which were engraved the following *dog*grel lines:

> "Stop me not, but let me jog:
> For I am Bob, the London firemen's dog."

Another instance of instinct is that of a "colly" dog. This species of the canine order, called the sheep or colly dog, is well known for its sagacity; and the following incident, for which we can vouch, is perhaps without a parallel:

"One day last Spring, Mr. Shaw, Achgourish, Kincardineshire, Abernethe, with his favourite dog 'Chance,' left home for the hill, for the purpose of what is called the 'sheep-gathering'—

that is, bringing them down to a convenient place, to be shorn and washed. They had not proceeded far when Mr. Shaw, from indisposition or some other cause, did not feel inclined to go up the glen; and he told his dog to go and bring down all the sheep, and that he would await his return. 'Chance' instantly obeyed his master's orders, went up the glen, gathered all the sheep together, and came away with them, exactly in the direction of his master. We may mention that 'Chance's' movements were observed, from the top of Craigourie, by the hill-pundler. Mr. Shaw, who waited patiently the return, now saw the sheep nearing him, to the west of Craigourie, and at this moment observed a hare getting up amongst them, and looking very bewildered. 'Chance,' taking opportunity of this, left his charge for a little, took to the chase, and, after some stiff work, succeeded in catching the hare. Mr. Shaw called out to the pundler to go and take the hare from the dog. 'Chance,' anticipating what was to follow, surveyed with suspicion the pundler, who was fast approaching him, yet, not liking to do battle with one with whom he was on intimate terms, instantly threw the hare over his back, as being the easiest mode

of carrying, brought with him the sheep, with all speed, and laid the hare at his master's feet. Not later than a month ago, the same dog was asked by Mr. Shaw to go and keep the crows out of the potato-field. This he did, and in about half-an-hour returned to the house with a live crow. It is supposed that he concealed himself, made a dart at them, and in this way had caught the bird. A dog of this kind would certainly be valuable, not only to shepherds, but to agriculturists; and we hope Mr. Shaw will preserve the breed."

As a set-off to canine nobleness, we cannot be unmindful of a sad instance of ingratitude in Richard the Second's greyhound. The account is translated from Froissart:

"And as it was informed me, Kynge Richarde had a grey hounde called Methe, who always waited upon the Kynge, and woulde know no man else. For when soever the Kynge did ryde, he that kept the greyhounde dyd lette him lose, and he wolde streyght runne to the Kynge and faune upon hym, and lepe with his fore feet upon the Kyng's shoulders. And as the Kynge and the Earl of Derby talked togyder in the courte, the greyhounde, who was wont to lepe upon the

Kynge, left the Kynge and came to the Earle of Derby, Duke of Lancastre, and made to him the same friendly continuance and chere as he was wonte to do to the Kynge. The Duke, who knew not the greyhounde, demanded of the Kynge what the greyhounde wold do. 'Cousin,' quod the Kynge, 'it is a great good token to you, and an evyl signe to me.' 'Sire, how knowe you that?' quod the Duke. 'I knowe it right well,' quod the Kynge. 'The greyhounde merket you there this daye as kynge of Englande, as ye shal be, and I shal be deposed: the greyhounde hath this knowledge naturally; therefore take hym to you, he wyll followe you and forsake mee.' The Duke understoode well those words, and cheryshed the greyhounde, who wolde never after followe Kynge Richarde, but followed the Duke of Lancastre."

CHAPTER XX.

MR. DELMÉ RADCLIFFE — PIGEON-SHOOTING — ALL ENGLAND STAKES—THE COUNTRY SQUIRE—THE "NOBLE SCIENCE" —NOVEL PROCESS OF KILLING SALMON—ARTIFICIAL BREEDING OF SALMON.

Among gentlemen who have rendered themselves eminent in the eyes of their fellow-sportsmen, we may here offer the portrait of one who has been pronounced by the highest authorities "a genius of no ordinary stamp." This sportsman claims direct descent from the Earls of Derwentwater, being in unbroken line descended from Radcliffe of the Tower, in Lancashire, and Earl of Sussex. His residence is Hitchin Priory where his family have been located ever since: Henry VIII., after expelling a brotherhood of White Carmelites, having bestowed the edifice and domain upon Sir Ralph Redcliffe. He is also

doubly "blended with the line" of those who boast "the blood of all the Howards," his grandmother, Lady Betty Delmé, and her sister, Lady Frances Radcliffe, being sisters of Frederick, Earl of Carlisle. Educated at Eton, at the age of eighteen he joined the Grenadier Guards, which distinguished corps being at that period but in the dawn of the "piping time of peace," he shone only as foremost in what is termed "all in the ring," gaining his full share of credit and success as a gentleman-jockey, making his public *début* at Hampton, and on Ball Hughes' Elephanta, not named in the betting, winning the gold cup against Lord Wilton, the Berkeleys, and the best amateurs of the day. In the Red House pigeon-shooting club, of which he was an original member, he was the best of the young ones: and on the grand trial for what was called the All England Stakes, a sweepstakes amounting to 400 sovereigns, shot for by Lords Kennedy, Pollington, and Anson, the Hon. George Anson, Captain Ross, and *the* Squire Osbaldeston, with other crack shots, he was on the fifth day left alone as outsider, to shoot off the ties with Captain Ross, the first favourite. When, after each killing nine birds, the Captain missed, the outsider had only

to kill to carry of the "blue riband" of the trigger, but by fatality the deciding bird flew directly towards the young Guardsman, who, waiting for its rise, killed it in the air. It fell behind him, which in those days reckoned as a miss. Subsequently, during one Spring meeting at Newmarket, the late Mr. Peareth, who had practised daily until he had reduced his twenty-nine out of thirty, and often all thirty, to a certainty, sent a challenge to the whole of the members of the Red House Club, then at Newmarket, all for different reasons declining. Captain Radcliffe accepted.

The match at twenty-five picked birds, for £50, came off at Botisham, four miles on the Cambridge road, on the Saturday of the race-week, amidst a great concourse of people. Mr. Peareth killed twenty-three, and Captain Radcliffe twenty-four, of the twenty-five blue rocks. He also shot an amicable match at partridges, late in October, with the present Lord Verulam, winning by one bird and a shot, killing twenty-one in twenty-five shots; Lord Verulam, then Lord Grimston, twenty in twenty-six.

But it was not until he left the Guards, after his succession to his property, his appearance on the hustings, as proposer of Lord Grimston for

the county, and his speeches at various public meetings, that he became celebrated for a fluency and eloquence attained by few who have not gone long through the mill at St. Stephen's. He can not only harangue a mob, but reply off-hand to an opponent with a facility which "astonishes the natives." He twice refused the offer of being returned for the county, the deputation on the first occasion, long before railways were introduced, undertaking to pay the very turnpikes to Westminster. A love of country life and rural sports prevailed over all ambition. The "Country Squire," as far as letters are concerned, was contented with the fame attached to several choice little poems, innumerable hunting songs, and *jeux d'esprit*. The lines on "Hunting *v.* Yachting" are stereotyped as a gem of the first water, and he is responsible for many of those epigrams and conundrums which are as "household words" with the many—few, very few being aware of their paternity.

It is not with what he has been, might have been, or is, in the literary world, that we have to do. We represent him as a sportsman; and we shall best convey an idea of his general qualifications in the words of two *literati* of the first class.

Lord Lytton, at a great agricultural meeting at which his friend and neighbour had spoken with wonted brilliancy, in rising to propose his health, said, "He was proud to exhibit to Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, so rare a specimen of unrivalled combination of talent as that of a country gentleman able to hold his own in field-sports with all his fellows, and no less qualified to take his seat in the cabinet of the statesman, or the closet of the scholar and philosopher."

The late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, at a dinner of the Literary Fund, in London said, "The whole *Punch* party have been fairly beaten at their own weapons by the "Country Squire" (the *nom de plume* under which his choicest productions have appeared), associated with them in theatricals at Knibworth; and were I called upon to bestow the prize for the greatest amount of wit and pungency, I should not hesitate to award it to the Knibworth Epilogue." This epilogue for Ben Jonson's play of "Every Man in his Humour," was composed and recited by the author at the express request of Lord Lytton, and is indeed a *chef-d'œuvre.*

The Squire is the author of "The Noble Science," a work which is admitted to be without

equal for valuable information and for classical style. Of no one was it ever so truly written, *Gaudet equis canibusque;* and we are well assured that he is far more jealous of the honours belonging to feats, by which he has fairly earned his spurs, than of any credit he may have gained by his pen or tongue; though, as touching the latter, we must not omit that he is possessed of the rare gift of improvisation, which was nearly monopolized by the late Theodore Hook. At the largest parties at Woburn Abbey and other country seats, he has electrified the whole assembly with no other preparation than a review of the guests congregated for the first time at dinner, by enacting the improvisatore, extemporizing to any given air a song replete with point, and bringing into rhyme the names of all present, coupled with the events of the day, past, present, and prospective.

For three seasons he hunted, chiefly on his own extensive estate round Hitchin, a pack of dwarf foxhound harriers, which he disposed of to Sir J. Flower, on taking the foxhounds, and hunting that part of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire previously under the mastership of Mr., now Sir Thomas Sebright. Here, for five sea-

sons, with a good stock of old foxes, and incessant labour in collecting an effective pack (at once drafting all but fifteen couples of that to which he succeeded), in the second season having sixty-five couples, which by the next reached perfection, he showed an amount of sport quite incredible, and laid the foundation of a system since ably followed up by Lord Dacre, to whom, under a serious failure in health, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe resigned the hounds, in 1839. He dabbled for a little upon the turf, owning nothing better than platers such as "Norman William," "Cottager," "Wilna," and others, calculated for his own riding; but in 1834, when contending for a hunter's stakes, seeing T. Wisby on a mare, called Vesper, leaving him hopelessly behind, he quitted the course, and steering so as to cut off a mile, and see her win, at once purchased the mare for three hundred and fifty guineas, altering her name to Lady Emily, after the present Lady Craven. With this superior animal, he in the course of the next three seasons won twenty-two out of twenty-nine races, twenty of which were ridden by himself. In those days he seldom missed Newmarket, and betted heavily upon or against the objects of his fancy or prejudice, and,

as Mr. Harry Hill can testify, would lay and stand a thousand between first and second for the Derby; but of late years his visits to Tattersall's have been rare, and his speculations limited. He has been an expert angler ever since he caught the leviathan trout, of Eton days, off the Cobbler, and, like many of our leading foxhunters, has been devoted to yachting, being, as an *élève* of the late Lord Yarborough, an old member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and having made more than one trip to the Mediterranean and Baltic.

That "like begets like" is a proverb amply sustained in the Delmé family. The grandsire, the husband of Lady Betty, the toast of the town, and the reigning beauty of the Court of Queen Charlotte, as a sportsman, perhaps as a fast man, was never surpassed. At one time possessed of Erle Stoke, in Wiltshire, a seat in Berkshire, and Cam's Hall, in Hampshire, he had staghounds, harriers, and fox-hounds, at these respective places. He had teams of greys, black, and cream-colours. At his town mansion, in Grosvenor Square, dinner was daily, during the season, served at five o'clock, p.m., for any eight friends who chose to put down their names, the host himself rarely appearing, unless, as was often

the case, any member of the Royal Family had signified his intention of dining with him. He was the leading whip, unrivalled in putting horses together, driving, in the same team, one horse in a plain snaffle, and another in a Chifney. He taught the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., to handle the ribbons, and every year, with relays of horses, drove a tandem from Grosvenor Square to Castle Howard. At his death no fewer than ninety-five of his horses and ponies were put up to auction at Tattersall's. His son, the father of our Squire, entered the 10th Hussars, then commanded by the Prince of Wales, whose friendship he enjoyed through life, riding all his races at Bibury, and managing his stud, in which capacity he continued as Gentleman of the Horse, both to George IV. and William IV., when the colours of the monarch adorned the turf.

As an amateur jockey he had no equal, as may be gathered from the fact that, for a great sweepstakes of 1,000 guineas each between Lord Foley, Lord Egremont, and Sir John Shelley, Chifney and Buckle being engaged for the two former, Sir John sent to Hitchin for Delmé, who won a severe race by a head between the two, the third beaten by a neck. He rode jockey-weight, and was

put up more than once by his confederate, the Duke of Rutland, for the Derby and Oaks.

Mr. Delmé of Cam's Hall, and Captain Delmé, R.N., both breed and run a few race-horses. The latter bred the best horse of his year, Alarm.

The fourth generation have been too much distinguished, both in the army and navy, in the Crimea and India, to have appeared as sportsmen, but are doubtless "chips of the old block."

We will not enter into domestic matters affecting the subject of this notice, further than to say that, amidst a large share of the sweets, he has endured many of the afflictions of this life; but, we are happy to find, he is in good preservation, as would appear by a portrait taken last year. He lost the left eye by an accidental shot; but we heard a first-rate gunmaker, who had seen him shoot, say that he would not advise anyone to offer many dead birds in a pigeon match. His seat on a horse has ever been acknowledged a pattern; and without ever being a bruiser, such as his friend Robert Grimston, he could always bring his theory into practice, and prove that he could ride as well as write on the method of putting horses at their fences, and keeping a

place. We have been informed, by one of the best men with Lord Dacre, that Squire Delmé, as they call him, continued to go as well as any one, when anyone had to go, and that in the two grand runs of the season he was one of the first five throughout; and here we may well leave him, with no better wish than that he may long occupy the place he has maintained in the field, and in the hearts of a numerous tenantry, all around a neighbourhood, in which words cannot exaggerate, flattery cannot reach, the esteem and veneration entertained for this genuine specimen of a country squire, which we therefore present as an example to the rising generation.

In Frederick Delmé Radcliffe we find a living illustration of the country gentleman described by a popular writer. "A country gentleman naturally stands in a great station; he is one of the strongest links in society between Government and the lower orders of mankind; he is a real blessing to the district where he lives, where he unites the four great characteristics of a country gentleman, a good neighbour, an excellent magistrate, and a first-rate sportsman."

I am here reminded of a circumstance that occurred to an old friend of mine some forty years

ago, when we were trying our luck in some waters belonging to the late Lord Glengall, in the sister-isle. My friend was a most expert fly-fisher, and I shall, therefore, confine myself to his prowess, for my own would scarcely merit a remark. Salmon were plentiful, and, as far as the gaudy bait for alluring them to the fatal hook was concerned, nothing could exceed it, both as to quality and to quantity. The rod was perfect, and the line faultless. It appeared then to us both that, during the day, which was admirably suited for the sport, we should kill a more than average number of fish; but as the poet of nature, Burns, says, "The schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." After labouring for hours, after trying flies natural and artificial, of almost every size and colour, my friend found that luck had set in against him, so much so that when he did succeed in getting a bite, before he had time to play the fish, his line, supposed to be a wonderful one, had snapped in pieces. While fixing on another, a regular wild Irish peasant came to within a few yards of where we had been throwing our fly, and accosting us in an off-hand style of manner, proceeded to get his tackle in readiness. Compared with my friend's rod, which

was taper as a wand, his was like one of those huge poles upon which linen cords are suspended, while his line seemed to be strong enough to moor any small "craft" to, and in bright clear day was, we considered, much too prominent for any salmon to approach. As Paddy never ceased telling us of the sport he anticipated, we gave up fishing ourselves, and watched his progress. Flies he had none, but he soon made up for this deficiency; for taking out his knife, he cut off a large piece of blue worsted from his stocking, a few blades of emerald green grass, and fastened them to his hook, showed us with delight what he considered an admirable substitute for the gaudy insect. Whether the Emeralder thought the salmon deaf as well as blind, we know not; but he struck the water very much after the fashion of school-boys when playing at ducks-and-drakes. We looked on with the deepest interest, while Maloney taking out, and light-his "dodeen," seemed not in the least degree put out. In a few seconds, much to our surprise, a fish was hooked—evidently not a small one; while Paddy, delighted at showing off his prowess before us, quietly sloped his rod over his right shoulder, and marched away to the rear at

double quick time, to the air of "Rory O'More." Whether so novel a process of killing a salmon surprised the hooked fish we know not; all we can vouch for is that one of ten pounds weight was safely landed on the bank of the river, and became a prey more to the brute force than the skill of the fisherman.

To those who have forests or friends in the Highlands of Scotland, deer-stalking will be found one of the most exciting amusements mortal man can indulge in; and nowhere can it be found to greater perfection than in the forests of Atholl, Marr, Ben Ormin, Gaulock, Glenfiddick, and Corrichbah. No one can expect to see good sport, who does not possess caution and patience. To these must be added a first-rate breech-loading rifle from Laing or Purdey, an intelligent forester, a well-stocked tract of land, and a couple of Grampian deer-hounds, such as those described by the great "Magician of the North"—

> "Remember'st thou my greyhound true?
> O'er holt and hill there never flew,
> From leash or slip there never sprang
> More fleet of foot or sure of fang."

To get thoroughly acquainted with the propen-

sities and instinct of the red deer requires a long apprenticeship; but a few hints from a talented writer may be acceptable.

"These animals are uncommonly acute, and seem to employ the whole of their sagacity in inventing and adopting plans of self-preservation. Wherever a red deer is found, if his seat be carefully examined, it will appear that it possesses a more commanding view than any other part of the surrounding scenery. If a deer travels in snow to his form, he gazes at and watches his own track with the greatest anxiety. If the wind blows from the direction of his pursuers, he will smell them at several miles' distance. If any of them are in a state of perspiration—not an unlikely event if it is warm—he will detect them much further.

"It must have been frequently observed that every herd carries a young one along with it. The young one is the sentinel. He is placed on an eminence to watch, while the others browse beneath; and if he attempts to quit his post, the stags pursue and butt him with their horns until he resumes his station. When the leading stag is perplexed with baffling winds, he works up the herd to a pitch of terror in a peculiar

manner. He leaps from his form as if in extreme fright, scampers off, but soon returns, followed by the others. After a little, when no danger is apparent, they begin to browse, and the stag repeats his *ruse*. In this manner he convinces the others that some danger threatens, and they all become watchful as so many lynxes. They also adopt this system in instructing their young. There is a perpendicular rock above the village Shieldaig, on the summit of which a stag selected his form. He lay with his flank towards the precipice, and commanded a view of the surrounding country, and did not seem in the least degree alarmed at the approach of the shepherd or his boy, or even the cutter-men; but if the gamekeeper entered the ground, he bounded away directly."

In these days of invention, when almost every hour produces something new, it requires some little time, and a considerable amount of attention, in order to ascertain the intrinsic merits of the articles thus produced. We are not prejudiced enough, as many have been before us, to throw a damp upon modern improvements; to declare that such and such things were good enough for our fathers and forefathers, and ought,

therefore, to satisfy us; or to check the march of intellect, by denouncing any change as hurtful and visionary. Had such a feeling guided us, we should still be pining for the oily dim rays of by-gone times, instead of rejoicing in the splendour and brilliancy of our streets; we should still be content with the slow flint-and-steel fowling-piece, instead of the sharp detonator; and we should look upon the electric telegraph wire and the locomotive engines as sad innovations. Upon the other hand, if, without deeply studying the subject, we had been carried away to notice every new "bubble," we should have ascertained long ago that more than half the recent discoveries, whether patented or not, had ceased to exist. It is with this feeling strongly impressed in our minds, that we have hitherto refrained from noticing the lockfast gun, invented and patented by Mr. J. D. Dougall, of 23, Gordon-street, Glasgow, and 59, St. James's-street, London. One of its greatest advantages appears to be, that the lever by which the barrels are opened from the stock is at the side of the gun, over the trigger, and not, as usually the case, beneath the trigger-guard. By this position the lever is perfectly secure against the numerous

mischances to which other breech-loaders are subject, and can be carried with more safety, either on horse-back or on foot, as the friction will never displace it, nor would it, if caught in the stiffest hedgerow, suffer in the slightest degree. We cannot speak from experience in the field of the Dougall lockfast gun; but after listening to those who have shot with it, and after inspecting its mechanism minutely, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be one of the most important improvements in breech-loaders of the day.

We will not be tempted to enter into a discussion upon the relative merits of breech and muzzle-loaders, for everything must mainly depend upon the service in which such guns are employed. For a quiet day, in cold, frosty weather where only a certain number of shots can be expected, there can be no doubt that a breech-loader is highly convenient and is rendered positively useful where the old-fashioned custom of carrying but one gun is still practised. In modern battues, or shooting-parties, where the ordnance is unlimited, and where each gunner fires at least five to six hundred shots a day, the muzzle-loader has at least this superiority, that its ammunition is carried in an easier form, and

can be obtained at a cheaper cost. There is another consideration which ought not to be lost sight of. If a man can afford to have many guns there is no reason, that we can see, why he should not have a pair of breech and a pair of muzzle-loaders. With these he will be prepared to take the field in the stubbles, turnips, and plantations of England, the moors of Scotland, the wild tracks of Ireland and Wales. Should a roving disposition induce him to visit Norway, Canada, or the prairies of America, he would with our advice, leave the breech-loaders at home, and trust to the muzzle-loaders.

It may here not be out of place to give an official statement of the number of licences, termed in French *permis de chasses*, that are annually taken out in that country:

"The average number of shooting licences issued in France is about 155,000, producing 2,325,000 francs to the State, and 1,550,000 francs to the communes. However, in spite of the vigilance of the local authorities, a large number of persons succeed in evading the tax, for the number of poachers is estimated at 455,000, or about three to each licensed sportsman. The departments in which the smallest number of

licences is issued are Corsica, the Lozère, Loire, Lot, Corrèze, Ariége, Cantal, Creuse, Basses Alpes, and Landes; and those in which the largest number is delivered, the Seine Inférieure, Aisne, Seine-et-Oise, Seine, Nord, Oise, Seine-et Marne, Somme, Calvados, and Marne. It appears that the number of shooting licences is in proportion to the wealth of each department. According to the lowest estimate the average value of game killed by each sportsman is 50 francs. This multiplied by 600,000, the number of licensed and unlicensed persons engaged in the sport, give 30 millions of francs as the yearly produce of game in France.

In our remarks upon fishing we have omitted to mention that the artificial breeding of salmon has within a few years attracted the attention of those devoted to the noble pursuit of fly-fishing, and a few statistical facts upon this subject may prove interesting. The number of ova in the female salmon may be roughly computed by the weight of a fish, every pound weight yielding about 1000 ova. The best time for taking the ova is during the last week in November and the first three weeks in December, and the fish appear in all cases to be in no degree injured by having their

ova taken from them. The ova having been duly mixed with the melt of the male fish, the first ovum was hatched on the 31st March, 128 days from its deposition in the boxes. A high or low temperature of the water will accelerate or retard the hatching, ova having been hatched in 60 days in a constant temperature of 44 degrees, but in the latitude of Perth the average of the time varies from 100 to 140 days.

The birth of the little creature, as described by Mr. Brown, is a very interesting operation. "The fish lies in the shell, coiled round in the form of a bow, and the greatest strain being at the back, it is the first part that is freed; and after a few struggles, the shell is entirely thrown off with a jerk. The appearance of the fish at this stage of its being is very interesting; what is to be the future fish is a mere line, the head and eyes large, the latter very prominent. Along the belly of the fish, from the gills, is suspended a bag, of large dimensions in proportion to the size of the fish. This bag contains a yolk, which nourishes the fish for six weeks, after which they must be fed. For a few days after hatching, the two dorsal fins are apparently joined, and the two pectoral are very large in proportion to the rest of the animal.

The little creature, not requiring to seek its food, moves very little, and when it does, swims mostly on its side, owing to the large size of the bag. This gradually becomes absorbed, and in a short time the fins get separated, and the fry assumes the general aspect of a fish. In its first stage it is translucent, but in a short period it takes on the parr colour, the transverse bars can be easily seen, and the tail begins to get much forked. At the bag stage of their existence they are very easily injured. A displaced stone in the gravel amongst which they are lying, coming against them, destroys them; and although they are no longer the prey of insects, all kind of fish and fowl are their enemies, and great must be their destruction in rivers, where their enemies are numerous. As we have previously stated, in about six weeks the bag is absorbed, and the fish is a fingerling or parr, from one inch and a half to two inches long."

CHAPTER IX.

FOX-HUNTING—FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON—WONDERFUL RUNS—STAG-HUNTING—DEER-COURSING IN BYGONE TIMES—AN OLD SUPERSTITION—A ROYAL HUNTING PARTY IN GERMANY—THE TERRIER—TECHNICAL TERMS USED BY SPORTSMEN—THE OTTER.

Fox-hunting has now commenced in earnest, and if the old Oxford toast—

> "Hounds stout, and horses plenty,
> Earths well stopp'd, and foxes plenty—"

is not drunk as it was wont to be drunk, in a bumper of "beeswing port," the sentiment is nevertheless felt by every lover of the noble science. During the last two months the ardent lover of the sport has indulged in cub-hunting, and looks with pleasure at the kennel door, where at least twelve brace of heads prove that the hounds have never wanted blood. It happens

occasionally, but it is a practice that ought to be checked by every master of fox-hounds, that many cubs are wantonly destroyed by being chopped in cover, digged out and killed, or mobbed to death without the slighest service to the hounds, or sport to those present, merely that the huntsman may display his vulpine trophies. When hounds are really in want of blood, the best method is to take the field early, to throw off your hounds where they are most likely to find, and are least likely to change cubs, and then to kill as soon as possible. As the season advances, care must be taken that no indiscriminate slaughter takes place, or many a blank day may be the result. It is the "quality" of the runs, not the "quantity" of foxes killed, that proves the goodness of the pack.

With what joy do we hail the first meet of the season! How exhilarating to find oneself again at the cover's side; to see the hounds, obedient to the huntsman, thrown in, as quietly as possible, into a furze brake; to know they are drawing steadily and silently; and to listen to the music of their tongues as the fox is found! What a crash is heard! and "Gone away!" echoes throughout the vale. The leading hounds now

quit the cover—they top the hedge. "Hold hard, gentlemen: give them time," exclaims the huntsman, and away go men, horses, and hounds, mad with delight. Now they cross a large ridge and furrow—now gain the wide grass lands. What a head the hounds carry! not a skirter to be seen. The fox is hardly pressed. He will scarcely reach the cover. How they gain upon him! A crash is heard, and the joyous whoo-whoop tells the tale that another vulpine hero has been laid low. Numerous stories have been told of wonderful runs; and among them we read of an extraordinary chase with Mr. Charles Turner's hounds at Agreyholm, near Hurworth, in the county of Durham. Cæsar, a noted old fox, was found, and, after a round of four miles, he led to Smeaton, Hambleton, through Skelton and Kelton, a distance of upwards of fifty miles. The worthy master tired three horses; and only three hounds were in pursuit, when he thought proper to call them off, it being near five in the evening. As no mention is made of the whippers-in or the field, we presume they were "nowhere."

Another is thus described. "Many years since a very large stag was turned out of Whinfield Park, in the county of Westmoreland, and

pursued by the hounds till, by fatigue or accident, the whole pack were thrown out, except two staunch and favourite dogs, which continued the chase the greater part of the day. The stag returned to the park from whence he set out, and, as his last effort, leaped the wall, and expired as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds pursued to the wall; but, being unable to get over it, lay down, and almost immediately expired: the other was also found dead at a small distance."

The length of the chase is uncertain; but as they were seen at Redkirks, near Annan, in Scotland, distant by the post road about forty-six miles, it is conjectured that the circuitous and uneven course they might be supposed to take would not be less than one hundred and twenty miles!

To commemorate this fact the horns of the stag, which were the largest ever seen in that part of the country, were placed on a tree of a most enormous size, in the park (afterwards called the Hart-horn Tree), accompanied with this inscription:—

"Hercules kill'd Hart o'Greece,
And Hart o'Greece kill'd Hercules."

The horns have since been removed, and are now in Julian's Bower in the same county.

Stag-hunting in the present day is very different from what it was. Instead of finding the "antlered monarch of the forest" wildly ranging in his woods, the poor, terrified animal is kept in a comparatively tame state, and upon the morning of the chase is ignominiously conveyed in a cart, not unlike a metropolitan prison-van, to the place of meeting, where he is turned out amidst the cheers of a rabble of pedestrians. The hounds are after a short time laid on, and if they do not succeed in running down their prey, the chances are that it is driven into the water by men who over-ride the hounds, and who seem to think the great pleasure of stag-hunting is to lead, not follow, the pack. Of course there are many honourable exceptions. The noble master of the buck-hounds, the military stationed in and near London, are all anxious to promote sport; and Davis, than whom a better huntsman, in kennel and field, never existed, always did his best to keep order. The railway now takes down hundreds, where formerly only a few found their way by road, and therefore the pleasure of a good gallop with the Royal Hounds is occasionally

marred by the numerous field. "We met, 'twas in a crowd," was the title of one of Haynes Bayley's popular melodies; and those who now hunt with the Queen's feel the truth of it painfully illustrated. Despite this drawback, it is a noble sight to see the well-appointed turn-out. Davis was in himself a photograph, representing "the neatest seat on horseback" ever seen. His men were worthy of him, the horses and hounds were in first-rate condition, and the master looked a Meltonian all over.

The old system of stag-hunting is thus graphically described in a work drawn up for the use of the Prince of Wales, eldest son of King Henry IV., in which full directions are given, both as regards shooting at the game with bows and following them with dogs. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," gives the substance of them as follows: "When the King shall think proper to hunt the hart in the parks or forest, either with bows or greyhounds, the master of the game, and the park-keeper or the forester, having been made acquainted with his pleasure, shall see that every thing be provided necessary for the purpose. It was the duty of the sheriff of the county, wherein the hunting was to be performed, to furnish fit

stabling for the King's horses, and carts to take away the dead game. The hunters, and officers under the forester, with their assistants, were commanded to erect a sufficient number of temporary buildings for the reception of the Royal family and their train; and, if I understand my author clearly, these buildings are directed to be covered with green boughs, to answer the double purpose of shading the company and the hounds from the heat of the sun, and to protect them from any inconvenience in case of foul weather. Early in the morning, upon the day appointed for the sport, the master of the game, with the officers deputed by him, ought to see that the greyhounds were properly placed, and the person nominated to blow the horn, whose office was to watch what kind of game was turned out, and, by the manner of winding his horn signify the same to the company, that they might be prepared for its reception upon its quitting the cover. Proper persons were then to be appointed at different parts of the enclosure, to keep the populace at due distance. The yeoman of the King's bow, and the grooms of his tutored greyhounds, had in charge to secure the King's standing, and prevent any noise being made to disturb the game

before the arrival of His Majesty. When the Royal family and the nobility were conducted to the place appointed for their reception, the master of the game, or his lieutenant, sounded three long mootes for the uncoupling of the hart-hounds. The game was then driven from the cover, and turned by the huntsman and the hounds so as to pass by the stands belonging to the King and the Queen, and such of the nobility as were permitted to have a share in the pastime, who might either shoot at them with their bows, or pursue them with the greyhounds, at their pleasure."

We have already referred to coursing, and those who are content to pass half-an-hour in finding a hare, and are satisfied with a brief but maddening course, will be able to enjoy this sport to their hearts' content. We own we very much prefer hare-hunting to coursing. However, *chacun à son goût*; and as we write upon every sort of sport, from fox-hunting and salmon-fishing down to a run with a "red herring" pack or bobbing for dace from a punt moored off Richmond bridge, the "leash" must again claim our notice.

Arrian, who flourished under Hadrian and the

Antonines, is the first writer who has made mention of coursing. In the Cynegeticus of Xenophon no allusion whatever is made to this sport, while in Arrian's works it is described with great precision. The Gauls, he says, had a breed of dogs of extraordinary beauty and swiftness, and the mode of hunting the hare with them was as follows. Early in the morning persons were sent out to mark their forms, and when these were ascertained, the huntsmen on horseback followed with the hounds. The timid animal was allowed due law, and not more than two dogs were loosed to follow her. It will be seen by the above that the Gauls were not what in our days are called "pot-hunters," for they pursued their game more for the sake of the sport than for the animal itself, and, when the course proved good, they were delighted that the hare was able to escape and live to be hunted another day.

Greyhounds were known in England during the 10th and 11th centuries, and they were employed not only in coursing the hare, but also the deer and fox. In bygone times the coursing of deer was divided into two sorts, the paddock and the forest. For the former, besides two greyhounds, a small mongrel animal was used to drive the

deer forward before the dogs were slipt. The paddock was a piece of ground generally taken out of the park, fenced in. It was a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile in breadth, the further end however being broader than that from which the dogs started, so as to accommodate the company who wished to see the finish. At the nearest end was the house, in which the dogs about to run were confined, two men being in attendance, the one to slip the greyhounds, and the other to let loose the mongrel. The pens for the deer about to be hunted were on one side, with a keeper to turn them out, while the spectators were on the other. Posts were placed along the course. The first, which was called the law post, was distant one hundred and sixty yards from the dog-house and pens; the second was the quarter of a mile, the third the half-mile, the fourth the pitching-post, and the fifth marked the distance. In lieu of a post was the ditch, which was made to receive the deer and save them from the fangs of their fleet pursurs. Near to this place were the seats for the judges. As soon as the greyhounds that were to run were led into the dog-house, they were delivered to the keepers, who, by the articles of coursing, were to see them

fairly slipt. The owners of the dogs drew lots as to which dog should have the wall. The dog-house was then shut, and the keeper turned out the deer. After the deer had gone about twenty yards, the mongrel was loosed to force him forward, and when the animal about to be coursed got to the law-post, the greyhounds were led out from the dog-house and slipt. If the deer swerved before he reached the pitching-post, it was deemed no match, and was to be run again at the expiration of three days; if there was no such swerve, then that dog which was nearest the deer, should he swerve after he had passed the pitching-post, gained the contest; if no swerve occurred, the dog which leaped the ditch first was the winner.

In coursing deer in the forest two plans were adopted: the one coursing from wood to wood, and the other upon the lawn by the keeper's lodges. In the first, some hounds were thrown into the cover, to drive out the deer, whilst the greyhounds were held ready to be slipt when the deer broke cover. If the deer was not of a proper age and size, the greyhounds were not let loose; and if on the other hand, he got too good a start, or was in other respects deemed an over-match for one brace, it was allowable to waylay him

with an additional brace of fresh greyhounds.

For the coursing upon the lawn, the keeper took care to lodge a deer fit for the purpose, and by sinking the wind of him, there was no difficulty in slipping the greyhounds, and having a fair course.

In coursing the fox, no other art was necessary than to get the wind and to stand close on the outside of the cover where the the wily animal was expected to break, then, after giving him fair law, to slip the greyhounds. It often happened that the dogs were severely bitten by their prey.

The greyhound should not be tried until it is twelve months old: at two years it is full-grown. The diet, when a dog was engaged to run, consisted in old times of bread, made of half-a-peck of oatmeal, both ground and bolted through a fine sieve. Aniseeds beaten and liquorice were mixed with it, and it was then kneaded up into small loaves, with the whites of eggs and new ale, and thoroughly baked. This bread, soaked in broth, was given after the dogs had taken their exercise morning and evening. Upon coursing days a toast and butter or oil was given them early in the morning.

A variety of opinions are held by gastronomers respecting the qualities of the hare as a delicacy; some declaring a hunted one to be a "dainty dish," fit to be "set before a king," while others denounce the animal in any shape (in soup excepted), as coarse food. Martial must be supposed to be of the former class, as he writes:

"Inter quadrupedes gloria prima lepus."

Beckford quotes, from an old French "Encyclopædia," the following way of dressing a hare, which we take the liberty of translating: "In many of the provinces of Gascony and Languedoc they eat hares roasted with a sauce composed of vinegar and sugar, which is not only essentially bad and unwholesome, but is above all an abomination to all who are not accustomed to it."

In Brande's "Popular Antiquities" many authorities are quoted to support the superstition which regards as an ill omen a hare crossing the path; the origin of which notion Sir Thomas Browne has well explained. The belief "that a fearful animal passing by us portended unto us something to be feared," is of very ancient date,

and may perhaps have arisen from an incident which occurred during the retreat of Darius before the Scythians, when in the face of his invading army the latter broke their own line, and rushed out in pursuit of a hare which had accidentally started. His son (Herod IV.) had more daring. After crossing the Hellespont, he was not discouraged in his march by a still more marvellous portent, which the historian who describes it says was of easy interpretation, but which, without his assistance, would perhaps appear obscure to moderns. Plutarch refers to two instances in which omens were drawn from the appearance of hares, both easily explained by that absence of due vigilance which permitted such animals to harbour on spots that ought to have been closely inspected. Archidamus, the son of Zeuxidamus, while besieging Corinth, predicted his success, when he observed some hares coming out from the neighbourhood on the walls; and Lysander derived similar encouragement when upon the same spot a parallel circumstance occurred. Neither of the above anecdotes enlightens us in the least degree as to the origin of this superstition.

According to Dion Cassius, Boadicea, after the spirit-stirring speech which he has recorded, let loose a hare from her bosom, in order to take an omen from it. It ran prosperously, and its course was hailed by the shouts of her countrymen. The commentators deprecate the belief of any distinct omen, and suppose, without any given authority, that the Queen pursued the hare, which was intended to be symbolical of the Romans, by British dogs, and that hence was derived the favourable presage.

When travelling in Germany, some years ago, the author saw, amongst other curiosities at Kranistein, which is the hunting château of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, in one of the rooms a very curious picture, representing a royal party enjoying the diversion of shooting wild boars in a small enclosure; from which it appears that the animals were driven or enticed into a small space surrounded by net-work; and at one corner was built a room, through the windows of which the sportsman was enabled to show his skill in rifle-shooting, without any inconvenience either from the wounded animals or from the inclemency of the weather. This mode of diversion is now seldom or never practised; but Mr. Bright, in his

travels through Austria, informs us that so lately as 1814 a similar exhibition took place in the neighbourhood of Vienna. In mentioning the amusements with which the Court were entertained in that year, he describes one which was designated by the title of a "Royal Hunt," in which "monarchs and royal personages, who were to be the chief actors in this tragedy, provided with fowling-pieces, placed themselves in certain stations within a large arena, which had been prepared for the purpose several miles from the city, and was surrounded by accommodation for a large assemblage of nobility. Each of the sportsmen was attended by four pages, to assist in reloading, while yeomen armed with spears stood behind to protect them from any danger which might threaten. All being thus artfully arranged, a number of wild boars, deer, hares, and other animals of chase, which had been before provided, were let loose in succession, and the privileged sportsmen continued to fire until the whole were destroyed, or the destroyers were weary of their labour. It may excite some surprise, but I was assured by one of the spectators that, though all the monarchs were tolerable marksmen, none shot so well as the Empress of Austria, who always

selected the hares as the smallest objects, and never failed to kill with a single ball. The ladies, it was said, entered with spirit into this amusement, and seemed delighted at the sufferings of a poor fox, which, after being fired at till all his legs were broken, still gasped for breath."

In giving the above extract, I am far from defending the tame battue system as practised in Austria, for I was myself witness at one of these royal gatherings, when the animals that escaped being shot, were trampled upon or knocked on the head by the butt-end of the guns; and if I recollect rightly, a large quantity of foxes were included in the list of game. But I must enter my protest, though rather at a late date, against Mr. Bright's ungallant charge against the Austrian ladies, who, "it was said," writes this authority, "indulged in the worst sort of cruelty." The very fact of the Empress of Austria being a thorough sportswoman would probably have checked any such proceedings, even had the ladies about her contemplated such unfeminine conduct. In referring to notes made shortly after the occurrence, I find denunciations against the system, which was more like a slaughter of tame

animals than a royal battue; but that it was carried on in the revolting way above described I must beg leave to contradict. Nothing could exceed the lady-like deportment of the fair sex, who seemed shocked at the carnage.

We have already dwelt at some length upon pheasants and pheasant-shooting, the delights of which are thoroughly appreciated by every sportsman. Turn we now to the natural history of the bird. According to ancient authority, it appears the pheasant was first introduced into Europe by the Argonauts, twelve hundred and fifty years before the Christian era; and to Jason is assigned the honour of having brought it, on his celebrated expedition, from the banks of the river Phasis—hence its name *phasianus* in Latin, *faisan* in French, *fasiano* in Italian, and *pheasant* in our own language. The ancient Colchis is the Mingrelia of the present day; and there, according to the evidence of travellers, it is said this splendid and brilliantly-tinted bird is still to be found, wild and unequalled in beauty. Pheasants delight to resort to woods that are thick at the bottom with long grass, brambles, and bushes—thick plantations where privet and laurel

are in abundance, and moist grounds overgrown with rushes, reeds, or osiers. Occasionally they take to hedge-rows; but as wood and water are indispensable, they seldom remain there long, even when undisturbed. During the shooting season the males, who usually congregate together, are found to be much more wary than the females; and an old cock pheasant, on hearing the sound of the sportsman or his dog, will foot it away to another cover, while the hen, trusting, as it would seem, to her earth-brown colour to escape detection, will remain quiet in the long grass or tangled underwood. Mr. Jesse, in his "Gleanings," thus alludes to this beautiful provision of Providence: "While we admire the dazzling plumage of a male bird, we may wonder why the female appears so infinitely below him in the scale of beauty. Is it because she is to be considered as more degraded, or as an inferior being? When we see the male expanding his rich and varied plumage in the sunbeams, let us not forget that on the female devolves all the offices of love and affection. She hatches, feeds, and protects, at the risk of her life, her helpless young ones; and what we may consider as lowering her in the scale of creation, is, on the contrary, an

act of the greatest kindness and consideration. Her want of beauty is her chief protection, and her very humility saves her from a thousand perils." The ordinary weight of a pheasant is under three pounds; some however, after being highly fed, have turned the scale at four pounds and a-half.

If we look back to history from the earliest periods down to the present time, we shall find that the most renowned warriors were remarkable for their attachment to the sports of the field. Cyrus the Great, the most celebrated captain, of his age, was passionately fond of hunting, and spent all the time he could spare from the extension of his conquests to the beasts of the forest. Alexander, distinguished for leading an invincible army from Macedon to the banks of the Indus, was also attached to the chase. The ancient Greek warriors were thorough sportsmen, Xenophon wrote a treatise on the pursuit of the fox and the hare, which shows that the subject was thoroughly familiar to him. He stated it as his opinion that "it tended to make men hardy both in mind and in body, and hence to form the very best of soldiers, the chase bearing a closer resemblance to war than any other

description of amusement; that it habituated men to bear fatigue and the inclemencies of the weather, kindled their loftier feelings, awoke their courage, and nerved their limbs, which also from exercise became more pliant, agile, and muscular; that it increased the powers of all the senses, kept away anxious or melancholy thoughts, and thus, by promoting both mental and physical health, produced longevity and retarded the subduing effects of old age."

In early times princes and others hunted their own hounds, and thought nothing of attending personally to their care and well-being; and, far from deeming it necessary for their dignity to employ a deputy as huntsman, it was their pride to exhibit their own personal skill in the direction of the chase. From Pliny we learn that it was from this very circumstance that monarchical states derived their origin.

"In the early ages," he writes, "men had no private possessions; they spent lives devoid of envy and fear, their only enemies being the beasts of prey, and consequently the destruction of these constituted their chief occupation. Accordingly he who exhibited the most dexterity, courage, and force naturally became the chief of

the hunters of his country, and presided over the assemblies which used to gather together on grand hunting occasions, making general havoc among the ferocious animals which infested their country, and also pursuing such animals as they used for food. After a while, however, these bands of hunters began to contend for the retreats most abundant in game; they fought for these places, and the vanquished naturally became subject to the victors. Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, famed for her beauty and masculine mind, who fearlessly led her army to the battle-field, appropriated a portion of her time to the chase. The Romans delighted in savage, brutal sports, as the butchery of wild beasts (not unfrequently mingled with gladiators) in the circus proves."

In our days Wellington was a thorough good sportsman, as were many of his most gallant followers.

Having previously written some remarks upon the subject of fox-hounds, I may here add a few words respecting the terrier, which, until of late years was found appended to most fox-hound packs. Times, however, are changed, and as foxes are much less frequently dug for than formerly, and as it was only then that the terrier

was of use, either to draw or to inform the diggers by his baying whereabouts the fox lay, so, his occupation being gone, he is dispensed with by most masters of hounds of the modern school. There are also some active reasons, besides the passive one of his being not wanted, why he should be left at home. A sufficient one is that he is seldom steady from birds on the wing, and thus is often the cause of riot and confusion. The direct origin of the terrier, like that of many other well-marked varieties of the dog, is involved in much obscurity. Some consider his antiquity questionable; while, on the other hand, it is not easy to mistake the dog so minutely described by Oppian for any other than the terrier. Buffon's synopsis classes him with the hound, nor is it at all improbable that he is thus derived, and that by frequent intermixtures and crossings he at length exhibits all the varieties we now meet with as to size, colour, and quality. Two prominent varieties of the terrier offer themselves to sporting notice, the rough and the smooth. The rough variety seems to have been nurtured in Scotland, but probably both the one and the other owe their varieties more to locality and accidental crosses than to any

special difference between them. There is not a more faithful creature in the dog species than the terrier, always waiting upon his master, and never to be bought by a stranger. Rats are his great aversion; he will hunt them from the dawn of morning until night without fatigue; the domestic cat is not a greater terror to these thieves of the night. But the terrier has higher qualities. He is courageous in the extreme. Let his master lay down his coat and his gun, and the terrier is a most faithful guard; no one can approach them. For vermin killing only, bull-terriers are the best.

As in many modern novels we find the authors very ignorant of the technical terms used by sportsmen, and thereby led to speak of dogs, not hounds, calling the fox's brush his tail, and talking of a couple of greyhounds, instead of a brace, it may be of some little assistance to such writers—one of whom, by the way, tells us that Macbeth, a four-year-old horse, won a steeplechase with seventeen stone on his back, he having the year before been first for both Derby and *Oaks*—if we give the proper terms that have been used and are still in common use among sportsmen, especially those of the old school. For animals

that are hunted in company together we say, a head of deer, a bay of roes, a brace or leash of bucks, foxes, or hares, a couple of rabbits. For the abode of animals: A hart harbours, a buck lodges, a roe beds, a hare seats or forms, a rabbit sits and burrows, a fox kennels and earths, an otter watches, a badger earths. The terms of starting these animals from their lair are derived from the above, as—unharbour the hart, uprouse the buck, unkennel the fox, start the hare, bolt the rabbit, vent the otter, dig the badger. A hart bells, a buck groans or touts, a roe bellows, a hare beats or taps, an otter whines, a fox barks, a badger shrieks. We follow the slot of a hart, the view of bucks and fallow-deer; the foiling of deer, when on the grass and scarcely visible,; the print of a fox, the footing of all vermin, the track of the hare, and, when she bounds about, doubling, pranking when her foot-steps are seen on the highway, and tracing when in the snow. The tail of the fox is the brush, of the deer tribe the single, of the hare and rabbit the pads; of the horns of deer, the stag has the bur, the pearls (which are little knots on it), the beams with the gutters, the antler, surantler, surroyal, royal, and the top are the croches. A buck has bur.

beam, brow antler, palm, and shellens. If the croches grow in form of a hand, it is called a palm head. We say a litter of cubs, a nest of rabbits. Of dogs in groups: Two are a brace of greyhounds, and three a leash; of hounds, two are a couple, three a couple and a-half; greyhounds are slipped, hounds are cast off; greyhounds wear collars; a hound couples. Of stags or foxhounds we keep a kennel; of beagles or harriers, a pack. Here we must remark that, in our days, the word pack is applied to foxhounds. When hounds are cast off and find the scent of their game, they begin to open and cry, which is termed challenging; when they are too noisy about an uncertain scent, they are said to babble; when they run merrily and orderly, they are in full cry; when they run without giving tongue, they are said to run mute. When staghounds run at a whole herd of deer without singling out one, they are said to run riot.

A few additional remarks upon otters and otter-hunting may not be out of place here.

The otter, that foe to fishermen, has been classed by the naturalists of the old school as an amphibious animal, but this is an error. He is not formed for continuing in the water, for, like

other terrestial creatures, he requires the aid of respiration; and if, in the pursuit of his prey, he perchance has the misfortune to entangle himself in a net, and cannot extricate himself in a certain time, he is drowned. The ravages committed by the otter, already referred to, in destroying the finny tribe are equal to those of the fox in the farmyard, and both may be considered to belong to the "artful dodger" tribe.

The otter will lurk at the bottom of a river, watching for his unsuspecting prey, and, from the peculiar construction of the visual organ, can immediately distinguish any object above him. The fish, of course, cannot discern anything beneath them, and they thus become easy victims to their voracious enemy. The otter seizes them by the belly, and feasts himself very much after the fashion of an aldermanic gourmand, by selecting such dainty bits as most tickle his fastidious palate.

Nature has most singularly assisted this destructive poacher in his predatory propensities, by affording him every facility in the formation of the feet, which are webbed at the toes, and act as fins; and the rapidity with which he swims in pursuit of scaly food is inconceivable. Although

the good old days of otter-hunting are gone by, and the breed of otter-hounds is comparatively neglected, we occasionally meet with a good pack, which, when Spring commences, and Winter out-door amusements are terminated, furnishes good sport.

The otter-hound, in the days of our forefathers, was bred from the dwarf fox-hound, crossed in the first instance with the large water-spaniel; this produce was then crossed with the large rough, wire-haired terrier; the introduction of a dash of bull-breed was oftentimes resorted to, with a view of giving ferocity and hardihood.

The best time for hunting the otter is early in the morning, as he is then more easily tracked to his *couch*. It frequently happens, on the approach of the pack, that he will leave his *couch*, dive under the water, make up the stream, and steal away a mile in advance. In such cases the *seal* must be carefully looked for, and the waters narrowly watched, to observe his *ventings*. In rising to the surface for the purpose of respiring, his muzzle only appears, but his track may be observed by the mud he stirs up, and in rivers by the bubbles of air he throws out.

Great patience is required in otter-hunting, for from his "dodging" propensities he will frequently, by diving and other little manœuvres, give the dogs the go-by. The hide of the otter is so impenetrably tough, that the dogs make but little impression on it, but by their pertinacious courage, sticking to their game, they will worry him to death. They often suffer severely in the conflict, for there is generally a long list of wounded at the end of the day: occasionally a valuable dog appears among the killed. The otter-hunter should be armed with a spear, in the management of which dexterity as well as coolness is required; and the party that partake in the amusement should be sufficiently strong, numerically speaking, to ensure the presence of one or more spearmen at every probable spot of egress from the water, so as to secure the prize, or rescue the dogs from peril. In former times this sport formed a favourite variety of the chase, and in the true spirit of the age was observed with due formality; in our day it is "like angels' visits, few and far between," and under such circumstances we should not regret to see the race of otters exterminated: a sentiment which will, we feel assured

be reciprocated by all lovers of angling.

To show how much havoc these voracious animals commit in a well-stocked river, I have only to state a well authenticated fact, that one single otter has been known to destroy nearly a ton of fish annually. Their sagacity and cunning are truly marvellous; they will even hunt in couples, for it is upon record that two otters in concert have chased a salmon, and by a systematic method succeeded in killing this active and powerful fish.

The head of the otter-hound is broad at the temples, large, and thick; his ears are long and pendulous, his hair is rather long, and very wiry, and his voice is, considering his terrier blood, sufficiently harmonious; his tail is very bushy, and is carried high; the colour of the otter-hound varies, but yellow or sand colour is the most esteemed. The otter-hound closely resembles the Russian terrier, a dog often mistaken for him, and which, being almost equally efficient in otter-hunting, is occasionally, now-a-days, employed instead of him. A pack of otter-hounds generally consists of from three to six couple, and hunt along the banks of the water-course or river, sometimes taking the water like spaniels.

The jaws of the otter, like those of the badger, are so constructed that, when once closed, they are opened with great difficulty, even after the animal is dead.

CHAPTER X.

WINTER—RIDING HOUSES—WOODCOCKS—THE HARRIER AND THE BEAGLE—SAGACITY OF A DOG—WILD DUCK SHOOTING—DECOY POOLS—ROYAL VISIT TO THE LIONS AT THE TOWER—A JOURNEY BY COACH FROM LONDON TO BATH—A SMART GIRL—SKATING IN ENGLAND—BILLIARDS—NEWMARKET.

WINTER has now set in, verdure, foliage, and flowers have vanished, and the sky is either filled with clouds and gloom, or sparkles with a frosty radiance. Westerly winds predominate, which, often varying to the south-west and south, waft a heated air from warmer climates, by which frost is moderated. The coldest December on record was in 1788; the warmest in 1852; the mean of the month is about 37 degrees, but towards the end frost may be expected.

To the sportsman December is a month full of hopes and cares; for should a severe frost prevail, his hunting is put an end to, and his valuable

stud stand idle, eating (as the phrase goes) their heads off. At the same time, he feels it only a pleasure deferred, not lost, and may console himself with the idea that a month's respite from labour will greatly benefit his horses, and that after snow and frost the scent usually lies remarkably well. In bygone days, hunters suffered much during hard weather, for it was next to impossible to exercise them on the frozen slippery roads; now in every well-regulated establishment a certain portion of land is marked out, and covered with tan or straw, where the animals can take any amount of walking, trotting, or cantering exercise. A riding-house is, perhaps, one of most valuable appendages to a country home in England, as not only can horses be daily exercised in it, but the fair sex may pursue their equestrian avocations, when frost or rain prevents them facing the elements. The month of December, however, even assuming the frost and snow to be so severe as to prevent hunting, is one of great interest to the sportsman and the lover of out-door amusements, as he may enjoy pheasant, hare, woodcock, snipe, partridge, wild-duck, and wild-goose shooting, and indulge in skating, golfing, and sledging.

The woodcock generally appears in the United Kingdom early in October, having left the countries bordering on the Baltic as the Autumn sets in. They do not come in large flocks, but keep dropping in upon our shores singly up to December. The instinct of these migratory birds is very great, for they either land in the night, or in dark misty weather, so that their arrival is never seen. Their stay at the sea-side is very limited, as no sooner have they recovered from the fatigue of their aërial voyage than they proceed inland to the haunts they left last Spring. The flight of the woodcock is very rapid, but short, as it drops behind the first sheltered coppice with great suddenness, and to escape its pursuer, runs quickly off; a few shot, however, will bring down this highly-prized bird. The snipe are, unquestionably, birds of passage, although they frequently breed with us; from their vigilance and manner of flying, they are not easy to kill; still the sport is very exciting, where plenty of birds are to be found.

One of the best days' sport I ever remember, was during my sojourn in Canada: at an early hour a party of four, including the Governor-

General, left Quebec for a small tract of swamp ground, near the falls of Montmonrenci, and in less than six hours we bagged such a number that were I to record it from our game-book now before me, I should be accused of the Münchhausen propensity of shooting with a "long bow."

The Spanish pointer, although of foreign extraction, has now been naturalized in this country, and is remarkable for the aptness and facility with which it receives instruction; while the English pointer requires the greatest care and attention in breaking him to sport. The Spanish pointer, however, has not the hardihood or durability of our native John Bull breed, and is therefore unable to undergo the fatigues of a heavy day's work. The setter is an active and hardy dog, with the most exquisite sense of scent: nor is it less famed for its speed, perseverance, and caution in approaching its game; but prose will scarcely do so much justice to the merits of this dog as poetry, so I will conclude with some lines of Somerville, which are as correct in their description as beautiful in their metrical composition:—

"When Autumn smiles, all beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues,

My setter ranges in the new-shorn fields,
His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
One inch untried. At length the tainted gales
His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, awed by discipline
Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps,
Low-cow'ring, step by step; at last attains
His proper distance; there he stops at once,
And points with his instinctive nose upon
The trembling prey."

The harrier and the beagle have within a few years been brought to a great state of perfection, both as to scent and speed, and those who do not live in a good fox-hunting country find much pleasure in what has been most irreverently termed the "currant-jelly pack." A mixed breed between the harrier and the large terrier forms a strong, active, hardy, and courageous hound, used in otter-hunting.

The bloodhound was formerly in great favour with our ancestors, and was not only employed in recovering wounded game, but in barbarous and uncivilized times was called upon to trace the footsteps of the murderer or the thief, and it seldom ceased its pursuit until the felon was

captured. In Scotland it went by the name of "the sleuth-hound;" and a law existed in that country that whoever denied entrance to one of those dogs, in pursuit of stolen goods, should be deemed an accessory. The bloodhound is most beautifully formed, and exceeds all other hounds in strength, activity, speed, and sagacity. They are still used in Highland deer-stalking, and are most useful in recovering a wounded "monarch of the woods."

To prove that the instinct of these faithful companions of man has not degenerated, we lay before our readers a well-authenticated statement of a circumstance that lately occurred.

A short time ago a dog, well known to the railway officials from his frequent travelling with his master, presented himself at one of the stations on the Fleetwood, Preston, and Longridge line. After looking round for some length of time amongst the passengers and in the carriages, just as the train was about to start he leaped into one of the compartments of a carriage, and laid himself down under the seat. Arriving at Longridge, he made another survey of the passengers, and, after waiting until the station had been cleared, he went into the Railway

Station Hotel, searched all the places on the ground-floor, then made a tour of inspection over the adjoining grounds; but, being apparently unsuccessful, trotted back to the train, and took his old position just as it moved off. On reaching the station from which he had first started, he again looked round as before, and took his departure. It seems that he now proceeded to the General Railway Station at Preston, and after repeating the looking-around-performance, placed himself under one of the seats in a train which he had singled out of the many that are constantly popping in and out, and in due time arrived in Liverpool. He now visited a few places where he had been before with his master, of whom, as it afterwards appeared, he was in search. Of his adventures in Liverpool little is known; but he remained all night, and visited Preston again early the next morning. Still not finding his missing master, he, for the fourth time, "took the train"—this time, however, to Lancaster and Carlisle, at which latter place the sagacity and faithfulness of the animal, as well as the perseverance and tact he displayed in prosecuting his search, were rewarded by finding his master. Their joy at meeting was mutual.

Wild-duck shooting and "decoying" these birds of passage are ancient sports, as may be gleaned from the following epigram:

> "Altilis allectator anas .... turmas,
> Congeneres cernens volitare per aera
> Garrit, in illarum se recipitque gregem,
> Incautas donec prætensa in retia ducat."

They are still carried on in many parts of the globe.

Autumn is the great season for "ducking" in Kamtschatka, during which period the inhabitants proceed to the lakes and rivers, which are commonly intersected by woods; and after clearing an avenue from one water to the other, they stretch their nets across it. These nets, which are made to let down, are supported by high poles. Towards evening the birds fly across in multitudes; and at a given signal the cords are slipped, and the wild-fowl fall an easy prey to their pursuers. In Siberia, Lapland, and even as far as Spitzbergen and Greenland, these birds are remarkably numerous. Louisiana is famed for them, both as to quantity and quality, as is Hudson's Bay, where they arrive about the end of April. Cook, Byron, Anson, and Wallis saw

multitudes of wild-ducks in the South Sea Islands; but they are supposed by naturalists to differ widely from those we are accustomed to. On the coast of Guinea there are two sorts of these birds—one of the most beautiful plumage, the body green, with the bill and legs of a fine red; the other half grey, with yellow bills and legs.

England, France, and Holland supply their own markets with these favourite delicacies, producing a considerable return for them. Thus, from the northern countries to the Torrid Zone, wild-duck shooting and decoying are held in the highest estimation. France is principally supplied with wild-ducks from Picardy. The marshes near Laon, towards the sea, the inundations of the rivers Oise, Seine, and Somme, and the Pool of St. Lambert, near La Fère, produce an astonishing quantity. Holland abounds with them, and furnishes our markets with a large supply of these "flying Dutchmen;" while our own fens in Lincolshire and Norfolk fall not very short of it in numbers.

It has often been a matter of surprise to us that decoy-pools have not been encouraged in Ireland, and that they should have diminished

in England. Skelton, the best practical authority upon the subject, remembers twelve or thirteen decoys in Lincolnshire, where now there are not two. Despite of free trade, we venture to affirm that, in the article of ducks, there would be a great consumption of our own produce, which, being fed on acorns and other nutritious substances, are as superior to the fishy Hollanders as Barclay and Perkins' best stout is to the *bonne bière* of a rural French *cabaret*. During my transatlantic travels, I have tasted the justly famed canvas-back ducks of the United States; and, good as they are, they cannot, according to my humble gastronomic knowledge, be compared with the produce of Lord Fitzhardinge's decoy at Berkeley Castle, which is perfect.

How various are the feelings with which the frosts of Winter are greeted by lovers of sport! "Hurrah for the hardness of the weather!" cries a disciple of the trigger, as he anticipates a week with the pheasants. "What a day! how wretchedly cold! how vexatious!" exclaims another, as he finds the water frozen in his jug, after an anxious night, during which his slumbers have been constantly disturbed with the thought

of whether the frost would prevent the hounds meeting. The downcast look of his valet, as he enters at nine o'clock, a.m., with a jug of hot water, at once confirms his master's worst fears. "What kind of a morning is it, Harrison?" he inquires. "It's been freezing all night, sir," responds the servitor; "and they have been filling the ice-house ever since daylight this morning." Not even the thought of the dry and sweet champagne that will benefit by the filling of the said house can console him; and, turning on his pillow, he desires that he may not be called for an hour and a half. Turn we from the dormitory of the Nimrod to the room of the "gunner," who, after looking at the rime that clings to the trees, rings his bell, and desires his servant to tell the keepers he will be at the lodge at ten o'clock. "You must send James Dyer in the dog-cart," he continues, "with my two guns, Dinah, plenty of powder and shot, a pair of woollen socks, and shoes." "I have seen John Sapp, the keeper," proceeds the loquacious attendant; "and he says there have been some woodcocks seen in Pollard's covert." "That is a most likely place," responds his master: "it is free from hares and rabbits, which the 'long bill,' who seeks a quiet spot, de-

delights in. Besides, during this hard weather, they are quite sure to be found near Ashall's stream."

Again, let us enter the study of the school-boy, and witness his delight at hearing from the tutor that Farmer Laurence's pond is completely frozen over, and that after breakfast the young gentlemen may proceed there with their skates to cut the figure of eight, and other fanciful devices, upon the ice. Such then, is the world—one-half grumbling at the changeableness of our climate, the other delighting in it; and yet in what country can sport be better carried on than in our own "tight little island?" Think of Russia, Norway, Lapland, and the Canadas in Winter, where King Frost reigns omnipotent for months, and nothing is heard but the tinkling of the small bells attached to sledge-horses; where it is impossible to stir out without being wrapped up in skins and furs; and where the penalty of not keeping yourself sufficiently warm is the loss of a nose, hand, foot, or ears. Turn to the East Indies, to China, and Egypt, where it is impossible to leave home during the day, where punkas and fans are made use of in vain to keep the temperature cool, and where mosquitos

phlebotomize the human race. Go where you will, England, to adopt a Yankee phrase, cannot be "dittoed" for fine healthy weather, during which, for the entire twelve months, the manly games and sports of our country can be indulged in.

We have said enough to prove that in our variable climate the month of December has no decided character, and many a man may retire to his downy pillow at night with the most sanguine hope of having a good run with the hounds on the following morning, and awake to find himself a "frozen-out fox-hunter," while another, who fears it is too mild a season to find many woodcocks, may bag a dozen in the hard frost that has set in during the night. Generally speaking, hunting is put an end to during the greatest part of the last month of the year: and, however much we may feel for those who have large and expensive studs to keep up, many of whom are inwardly glad at a temporary rest for their hard-worked animals, we are delighted, as a general principle, at the appearance of what is usually termed seasonable weather.

It is not so much the absence of sport, or the large sums he has to pay for his horses, now

standing idly in their stalls, unconscious of the cause that keeps them there, that the fox hunter has to complain of, but it is the difficulty of keeping them in working exercise, and of preserving them from colds. Grooms, as a body (of course there are some few exceptions), are too fond of sacrificing everything to appearance, and so long as the horses under their care have fine glossy coats, they are indifferent to the rest. In order to accomplish this mistaken object, of preserving their beauty at the expense of their health, they quite forget the old adage, of "Handsome is as handsome does." A hot stable for horses is now a too prevalent fashion, and when the thermometer is considerably below zero without, it is more than Summer heat within.

This heat is very delightful to the "master of the horse" and his stable-lads, and equally so to their employer, who, with cigar in mouth and whip in hand, passes a large portion of his time on the corn-bin, admiring Rosalind, who carried him so beautifully five-and-thirty minutes without a check; or Woodman, that set the field at a rasping bull-finch; or Lustre, who cut them all down in a scurry; or Sir Arthur,

who won the steeple-chase at Warwick; or The Knight of Gwynne, who went like a bird during one of the best runs ever known with the Quorn. But what is the feeling of the animal, who, after being for hours warmly clad and pampered up at the temperature of a Jardin d'Hiver, finds himself led out to exercise on a raw frosty morning? Could the dumb creature speak, he would tell you that his sufferings were great, that the severe cold and cough with which he is afflicted, and which may, and probably will, affect his lungs, was caught from this Turkish bath system, the sudden transition from dog-day heat to Winter blasts.

In order to put the question to the test, we would advise the stud-groom and his myrmidons to place themselves before a hot-house fire, encased in great-coats, shawls, and worsted gloves, and after remaining there until their ruby cheeks became bright and shiny, proceed to take an hour's walk at a foot-pace, with one upper-coat on: if they escape sore throats and catarrhs, if they are not driven to seek the usual remedies of putting their feet into hot water, wrapping flannel round their heads and throats, with the customary addition of fomentations, gruel, sweet

spirits of nitre, and a small quantity of "pulv. Jacobi," we shall be greatly surprised. At all events, let the experiment be tried, and should a severe cold, a violent attack of sore throat, a swelling of the glands, or a bronchial affection ensue, the groom will have the satisfaction of knowing that the warmth which has made what Sam Slick calls the "dial-plate" comely and glossy, as if it had been rubbed over with a coat of copal varnish, has also produced the illness.

It is curious to contrast the sports of the present day with those of bygone times, and with the view of enlightening our readers as to many amusements now happily no longer carried on, we give the following extract from an ancient chronicle:

"June 3rd, 1604: King James I., taking with him the Duke of Lenox (with divers earls and lords), went to see the lions at the Tower, and here he caused two of them, a lion and lioness, to be put forth, and then a live cock was cast to them, which being their natural enemy, they presently killed it, and sucked the blood. Then the King caused a live lamb to be put to them, which the lions, out of their generosity (as having

respect to its innocence), never offered to touch, although the lamb was so bold as to go close to them. Then the King caused the lions to be taken away; and another lion to be put forth, and two mastiffs to be turned to him. The mastiffs presently flew upon the lion, and turned him upon his back; and though the lion was superior to them in strength, yet it seems they were his match in courage."

"There was a spaniel dog, for some offence or other, cast into the lion's den; but the lion did not attempt to hurt him; and this dog continued in the den with the lion several years, and there died."

"In the month of June, 1609, a resolution was taken to make trial of the valour of the lion, which was by turning him loose to a bear. The bear was brought into an open yard, and the lion was turned out of his den to him; but he would not assault him, but fled from him; and so it was done with other lions, one after another, and, lastly, two together were turned to him; but none set upon him, but rather sought to return to their dens. A horse soon after being put into the yard with the first lion and the bear, the horse fell to grazing between them. After he had gazed a

little upon them, two mastiff dogs were let in, who boldly fought with the lion. Afterwards, six dogs more were let in, who flew upon the horse, being most in sight, at their entrance, and would soon have worried him to death, had not three stout bear-herds entered, and rescued the animal, and brought away the dogs, while the lion and bear stood staring upon them. At this sight were present King James I., the Queen, the Prince, and divers great lords."

The great improvement in travelling, since the road gave way to the rail, is never more deeply felt and rejoiced at than at the festive season of Christmas, as it enables so many more to visit their friends than was formerly the case, with a greater amount of comfort to themselves, and considerably less expense. In what are called by some the good old days of coaching and posting, what a few, comparatively speaking, could be conveyed to or from the metropolis! Those who travelled post were often detained for horses; and those who went by coach had to book their places weeks before, and even then a heavy fall of snow might put an end to all journeys. Now, instead of having the pelting, pitiless storm outside a coach, instead of being called by candle-

light, and traversing the streets of London in a slow rumbling vehicle, the traveller can enjoy his breakfast in London, can be conveyed to the station in a fast trotting cab, can sit snugly protected from weather, and reach his destination in a fourth of the time his predecessors could on the road.

And here it may not be out of place to describe a journey by coach, say from London to Bath, on a cold raw Winter's day. I speak of the time when the old, crawling, creaking, rattling, six-inside vehicle had given way to the fast four-inside, light coach. Having secured and paid a deposit for your place, it was necessary to be at the Gloucester Coffee House, or White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, at six o'clock in the morning. To accomplish this, a hackney coach had to be ordered over-night, and at least an hour and a half must be allowed for dressing, breakfasting, and arriving at the office. If an inside passenger, one was subject to be "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined" in a small compass, without head or knee room, for twelve hours, with perhaps a nurse and squalling child, or some huge specimen of the Daniel Lambert order, who had not undergone the Banting process. If an outsider, there was

the discomfort of cold winds, drifting snow, pelting rain, and dripping umbrellas. Then the dinner on the road—"ten minutes allowed"—with its scalding soup, its underdone boiled leg of mutton, its roasted potatoes, hot outside and hard within. Then the scramble for a nook by the fire to dry the soaked coat, hat, or cloak; then the change of coachmen, all of whom expected to be remembered; then the fees to guard and porters.

Let anyone picture to himself or herself the miseries of such a journey, and be thankful that they have all vanished away under the mighty power of steam.

I remember well a circumstance that took place about the year 1824, when I was quartered at Windsor. The weather being unusually cold, I had secured an inside place by Adam's Oxford coach; and, upon taking my seat, found three young, merry-hearted Oxonians already ensconced within it. Just before the hour for starting had expired, a remarkably pretty girl, scarcely out of her teens, looked into the coach, and despondingly said to that prince of "dragsmen," Jack Adams, "I fear there is not a place inside, and it has already begun to rain." One of the under-

graduates spoke to his comrades, and, after gaining my assent, said, "We can find room for one more inside, especially as this gentleman (alluding to me) leaves us at Slough." "Thank you! thank you!" exclaimed the fair one, "and there's the fare, coachman, inside to Oxford." "All right, miss," responded Adams; "you're sure you've got the consent of the gentlemen?" The insides nodded consent, when the door was opened, the steps let down, and, to the horror of all of us, a stout, elderly gentleman entered the vehicle. "Good-bye, uncle," said the young beauty. "Be sure you write to my mother, and pray tell the gentlemen how grateful we are!" The door was banged to by the impatient guard, and away we bowled at the rate of ten miles an hour, our new and unwelcome companion apologizing for the room he took, and the perpetrator of the mischief smiling archly as she waved her handkerchief to us.

Although our climate is not so severe that our islanders can enjoy the sports of the ice as they are to be found on the Neva, or take part in the splendid sledge-pageants of Austria, Russia, Norway, or Sweden, or in the exciting cariole drives over the frozen snows of Upper and

Lower Canada, it has this immense advantage, that although only a portion of the Winter can be devoted to skating, sledging, and golfing, the remainder may be employed in hunting, coursing, or shooting.

I have been present at an Imperial sledging-party at Vienna, when crowned heads, mighty warriors, beautiful women, and all the magnates of the court and city graced the entertainment; when the band of the noble Hungarian Guard accompanied them, and whiled away the hours with their monster concerts—a concord of sweet sounds; and where each guest tried to outvie the other in the beauty of his vehicle, the magnificence of his horses, the costliness of the trappings, the splendour of the furs, and the harmony of the gold or silver bells attached to the arched necks of the high-couraged and high-stepping steeds. I have also formed one of the Quebec Sledge Club, and have paraded the streets and plains of that city, immortalized by Wolfe. I have driven a tandem on the ice, close to the far-famed falls of Niagara—all beautiful sights in their way, and which the mind could dwell upon with pleasure, were it not for the severity of the Winter and the monotonous

appearance of the snow-clad lowlands, mountains, and valleys during so large a portion of the year. In our foggy, oft-abused clime, so quick are the transitions from frost to thaw, that a man may skate upon the Serpentine on a Saturday and have a brilliant day with the Pytchley on the following Monday; may take part in a golfing match on a Scotch frozen lake at the beginning of the week, and kill a fox in the open, with the Lothian hounds, before the termination of it; or drive a sledge through his park the very day on which he may afterwards rattle away at the pheasants, woodcocks, and snipes.

It is wonderful to relate that, notwithstanding the few severe frosts we have in England, compared to other countries, our islanders are the most graceful skaters in the whole civilized world: a fact that will be borne out by all who have witnessed the exploits of the London Skating Club in the Regent's Park or on the Serpentine river. One of the best skaters I ever recollect to have seen was the Reverend Mr. Longland, who, some six-and-fifty years ago, was one of the under-masters of Westminster School. Bligh (commonly called "Skirmish Bligh") was another graceful performer, as was the late Frederick

Byng, universally known by a French canine *sobriquet*.

There are many English ladies who excel in this Winter's sport; and certainly nothing can be more interesting than to see a well-dressed, well-formed fair one going through the graceful figures and mazy movements on the ice.

As, during the month of December, in-door amusements are obliged to be kept up when frost or snow causes the inmates of a country house to remain at home, I will enter briefly into a most popular game, which is now almost universally played by both sexes: I allude to billiards. Many valuable works have been written upon this subject, among them treatises published by Thurston, Burroughs, and Watts. It is stated, in one of the two last-mentioned books, that the old-fashioned tables were hexagonal; and there is a reference to Carr, the marker, who discovered the use of the side-stroke, *id est*, hitting the ball on one side. Before his time, the ball was always struck in the centre; and often a mace was used instead of a cue. Many of the "old school" even now will not "side;" and many of the old mace-players played a much stronger game than any one would think possible. Carr kept his secret

for a long time, and used to go into strange rooms, where he picked up a good deal of money by his superior knowledge of the game. He, at one time, pretended that the side-stroke was the effect of the chalk he used; and he made a good thing of it by putting common chalk into pill-boxes, and selling it as "twisting chalk," at half-a-crown a box. He realized a gambler's fate, and came to grief at last.

Billiards is now more fashionable than ever in private life; and the reason is that ladies may participate in the amusement, either by taking a mace or cue, or by looking on; and a well-contested match, which may include sides of two each, is a most interesting event, infinitely more so than watching a game of chess, whist, draughts, or backgammon. With respect to the tables, there can be no doubt that a vast improvement has been made within the last thirty years. Instead of an uneven surface, and coarse stuff, we have the perfectly level slate-bed, covered with the finest cloth; while the old list cushions, which were as hard as wood, have given way to the elasticity of vulcanized India-rubber. Among the numerous billiard games usually played in England may be mentioned: the winning and losing

carambole game; The four-ball, or American game; Winning hazard and carambole game; French carambole game; Pyramid's pool; Pool. In addition to which may be added, cramp games, which consist of: One pocket to five; The go-back game; The commanding game; The nomination game; Side against side; Winning hazard against all-hazards and canons; Two pockets to four; Choice of balls; Hazards; The doublet game; The limited game; The stop game; Canons against hazards and canons.

There are other foreign games mentioned by Captain Crawley, in his excellent little work on the "Theory and Practice of Billiards;" but as they have not yet taken root in this country, I shall pass them over, after giving their names, referring the reader for particulars to the volume above quoted. The first is of Spanish or German extraction, The skittle game (*Kugel-partie*); the second, The sausage-game (*Wurst-partie*), is German; as is The pyramid game (*Pyramiden-partie*). There is also a Russian game, The Carlino; and a French one, The Game *à la Royale.*

Having now mentioned the names of the

various games that are played at the principal public and private tables in England, I proceed to lay before my readers some of the rules universally adopted.

The Winning and Losing Carambole game is played with the three balls—white, spot, and red. The players string from the baulk; and the winner has the choice of balls, and may open the game or not, as he pleases. The usual game is one-and-twenty up; but it is constantly increased to fifty. All strokes are fair with the point of the cue. When using the butt-end of it, if it leaves the ball and touches it again, it is a foul stroke. Touching a ball when rolling, moving a ball when in the act of striking, playing with your adversary's ball, or when the red is not on table, or with both feet off the ground, touching both balls with the cue, playing at a ball in baulk, when in hand, or wilfully altering the course of any ball, are all deemed foul strokes, the penalties for which are that the striker loses his stroke, by his adversary calling a foul stroke and breaking the balls; or the non-striker may let the balls remain, or compel the striker to remake the stroke. In the case of a player playing with his wrong ball, the non-striker may

either have the balls changed again, or he may insist upon going on as the balls then stand, the striker losing any score he has made with his wrong ball; or he may play with whichever ball he pleases; or he may claim a foul stroke, and have the balls broken. No penalties can be levied, if the change of balls is not discovered before the second stroke; and the game proceeds, with the players keeping the wrong balls. A miss must always be played with the point of the cue. A live ball cannot be played at. If the object-ball is knocked off the table, it does not score. Forcing your own ball off the table, without striking another, is considered a *coup*, and the player loses three; if another ball is struck, no penalty is attached to it. Balls accidentally removed should be replaced as nearly as possible.

The American game, consisting entirely of winning hazards and canons, is played with four balls—white, spot, red, and blue. The red ball is placed on the spot below the one used in the English game, and the blue on the spot in the centre of the baulk-line. The first-player gives a miss out of baulk (neither he nor his opponent being limited to the baulk-circle). Should he

strike a ball, his adversary may compel him to go on again, or he may claim to have the ball remain where it stops, scoring one as for a miss. The second player must strike the white ball, or give a miss. The points scored are—two for a canon and white hazard, three for a red, and four for a blue hazard. A canon from the white to the red or the blue, or *vice versâ*, scores two points; from the red to the blue, or from the blue to the red, three; if from the white to the red, and afterwards to the blue, four; a canon from one of the coloured balls to the other, and afterwards to the white, five, these being double canons; pocketing the white and red, five; the white and blue, six; the red and blue, seven; the red, blue, and white, nine. To the above score canons are added; so that a good or a lucky player may make fourteen in a single stroke. The game is usually played sixty-three up.

The Winning Hazard and Carambole game consists entirely of winning hazards and canons, and is usually played twenty-one up. The red ball is placed on the winning spot, and that of the non-player on the spot in baulk. Whenever a white ball is pocketed, it is placed on the baulk-spot, so as always to leave a canon on the

board. Two points are scored for a canon, two for a white winning hazard, three for a red winning hazard, four for a white hazard and canon, five for a red hazard and canon, seven for a red and white hazard and canon. If the striker holes his own ball, he forfeits the number of points equivalent to the stroke; and if he plays with the wrong ball, he forfeits all points he may have made by the stroke, and his adversary selects whichever ball he likes. As in the English game, if the mistake is not discovered before a second stroke is made, no penalties can be enforced, and the player goes on with the wrong ball.

To return to hunting—the *furor venaticus* is a scion of Nature's own planting: hence, all feel inspired by it; and, whilst many other pursuits weary by repetition, fox-hunting seems to be carried on with an avidity which even Old Time, that blunts most passions, cannot conquer. Many a septuagenarian may be found as enthusiastic a follower of this animating sport as a young man recently emancipated from Eton, Harrow, or Westminster. The motto, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," is, with the change of the first word to *venator*, as ap-

plicable to the sportsman as it is to those who aspire to poetical fame. If a man is not endowed with certain attributes, he can never become a first-rate sportsman. Among these attributes may be mentioned coolness, quick-sightedness, courage, judgment, and resolution —coolness, so as never to be flurried; quick-sightedness, to watch every turn of the hounds and to look out for practicable gates and fences; courage, to face a yawning brook or a stiff ox-fence; judgment, to nurse his horse under difficulties; resolution, to show the noble animal that the rider is in earnest. Moreover, his seat must be firm, but easy, and his hand light, sensitive, and yet powerful. The ambition to get a good start is the absorbing question with the majority of the field, few of whom can maintain their places over the first three fields; and it is a service of danger to find one-self among this reckless crowd. The true sportsman, thoroughly aware of the importance of a good start, pays every attention to the working of the hounds, and, when they are fairly settled to their scent, avoids the throng, and takes a line of his own. On approaching the first fence, he looks out for a fresh place,

charges it, and, unmindful of what the rest of the field are about, attends only to the line the hounds are taking, at the same time riding his horse tenderly, and nursing him as much as possible. A good horseman will ride boldly, but not rashly, at his fences. He will, without going out of his way, select the easiest places, and pick out the soundest and best land to ride over, moderating the pace when heavy fallows have to be crossed. Should his horse fall at a fence, as the best occasionally will, the rider must quickly release himself, regain his own legs, and, by catching his prostrate animal before he rises, be again in his seat, and shortly afterwards in his place.

That the advantages of fox-hunting to the community at large are very considerable, cannot be denied. It gives employment to thousands. It tends, as I have already remarked, to improve the breed of horses, by encouraging farmers to breed hunters; for it would be scarcely worth their while to go to the risk, trouble, and expense of breeding, merely to sell the produce to the Government for cavalry horses, or to post-masters for job and fly-work. The modern hunter must be fast, or he will

have no chance in the "shires;" for it is well known to all who hunt in Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Northamptonshire, Oxfordshire, or Yorkshire, that the speed of fox-hounds has considerably quickened within the last forty years; and, could our grandfathers come amongst us again, they would be as much surprised at the pace of the present day as they would be at the late hours of the meeting, and the thorough-bred horses they would meet at the cover-side.

Return we to the turf. In the Duke of Tuscany's Journal of his Travels in England, during the reign of Charles II., there is the following graphic account of the sport at Newmarket, when honoured by the King's attendance, a strange contrast to a race-course in the days of Queen Victoria.

"At three o'clock (May 9, 1669) the King and the Duke of York went from Newmarket to see the race-horses, and repaired to the place appropriated to this sport, going to a certain spot which is nearly in the middle of the course; and there His Majesty stopped, and amused himself with seeing my Lord Blandford and my Lord Germain play at bowls. The race-course is a tract of ground in the neighbourhood of Newmarket,

which, extending to the distance of four miles over a spacious and level meadow, covered with very short grass, is marked out by tall wooden posts, painted white. These pointed out the road that leads directly to the goal, to which they are continued the whole way, placed at regular distances from one another. The last is distinguished by a flag mounted upon it, to designate the termination of the course. The horses intended for this exercise, in order to render them more swift, are kept always girt, that their bellies may not drop, and thereby interfere with the agility of their movements. When the time of the races draws near, they feed them with the greatest care, and very sparingly, giving them for the most part, in order to keep them in full vigour, beverages composed of soaked bread and fresh eggs. Two horses only started on this occasion, one belonging to Bernard Howard, of Norfolk, and the other to Sir William Elliot.

"They left Newmarket, saddled in a very simple and light manner, after the English fashion, led by the hand, and at a slow pace, by the men who were to ride them, dressed in taffeta of different colours, that of Howard being white, and that of Elliot green. When they

reached the place where they were to start, they mounted, and loosening the reins, let the horses go, keeping them in at the beginning, that they might not be too eager at first setting off, and their strength fail them, in consequence, at the more important part of the race; and the further they advanced in the course, the more they urged them, forcing them to continue it at full speed. When they came to the station where the King and the Duke of York, with some lords and gentlemen of His Majesty's Court, were waiting on horseback till they should pass, the latter set off after them at the utmost speed, which was scarcely inferior to that of the race-horses; for the English horses, being accustomed to run, can keep up with the racers without difficulty, and they are frequently trained for this purpose on another race-course, out of London, situated on a hill, which swells from the plain with so gradual and gentle a rise that it cannot be distinguished from the plain; and there is always a numerous concourse of carriages there, to see the races, upon which considerable bets are made.

"Meanwhile, His Highness, with his attendants and others of his Court, stopping on horseback

at a little distance from the goal, rode along the meadows, waiting the arrival of the horses and of His Majesty, who came up close after them, with a numerous train of gentlemen and ladies, who stood so thick on horseback, and galloped so freely, that they were in no way inferior to those who had been for years accustomed to the *manége*. As the King passed, His Highness bowed, and immediately turned and followed His Majesty to the goal, where trumpets and drums, which were in readiness for that purpose, sounded in applause of the conqueror, which was the property of Sir William Elliot. From the race-ground His Majesty, being very much heated, adjourned to his house, accompanied by His Highness and by the greater part of the gentlemen who had come to see the race."

CHAPTER XI.

WINTER EVENINGS—A RUBBER AT WHIST—BOOK OF SPORTS—HYDE PARK IN BYGONE DAYS—BANKSIDE, SOUTHWARK—BEAR-BAITING—SCIENCE OF DEFENCE—THE PURITANS AND SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS—A BEAR-GARDEN IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.—COMBAT BETWEEN FENCING MASTERS.

In the long Winter evenings the sportsman, tired with his day's exertions, has but few resources wherewith to pass away pleasantly the two or three hours that intervene between dinner and bed. He has probably recounted, over wine, the exploits of the day—the glorious run of fifty minutes without a check; he has described every minute detail from the "find" to the "finish," and told how splendidly Waterwitch carried her master over the yawning brook or the rasping fence; or, may-be, he has dwelt upon the wonderful right-and-left shot he made in the morn-

ing, the full bag that two "guns" brought home, or lamented over the wildness and scarcity of the birds, or the depredations of the poacher. After entering the drawing-room, he may enjoy his cup of *café noir* and his glass of Chartreuse, and take a snooze—a bad habit to get into. There are very few who, after a hard day, can unbend, as some are wont to do, over a book; if they do read, they must take up something very light and amusing; or they may enter into that relaxation of relaxation, whist—the only game that refreshes while it employs. No one is ever too tired for his rubber: he may play it in a slipshod way, or he may, like a real professor, go in for the rigour of the game—the latter being by far the most enjoyable.

It was only in the middle of the last century that whist became fashionable, and usurped the place of tredille, quadrille, quintille, and piquet. Once fashionable, it was much played, especially at the clubs, which institutions were in fact framed in order to evade the penalties imposed on public gaming-houses. The vigour with which whist was prosecuted at White's by the highest personages in the land, and at other

places, was notorious. The gaming propensities of the day were frequently noticed by the press, in the pamphleteering style of the period. I quote the title of a very curious pamphlet which appeared in 1745: "The History and Antiquities of the most remarkable Clubs in London and Westminster, containing the characters of the most noted Members, &c., and abounding with a great variety of incidents and remarks, exceeding pleasant, satirical, and humorous; collected by a gentleman who frequented these places near forty years, and was an excellent judge of human nature." We are tempted to ask what is the difference between mankind and human nature? If the gentleman was as excellent a judge of mankind as Cavendish appears to be of whist, no doubt his pamphlet sold well, though we cannot suppose it reached a sixth edition, as Cavendish's did in eighteen months.

In 1617, King James published his famous 'Book of Sports,' already referred to, by which the populace were permitted to exercise certain recreations and pastimes on Sunday, and which all parochial incumbents were positively enjoined to read in their respective churches, on pain of the

King's displeasure. Notwithstanding the licence given by this book, the Lord Mayor had the courage to order the King's carriages to be stopped as they were driving through the City on a Sunday during the time of divine service. This threw James into a great rage, and, "vowing that he thought there had been no more kings in England but himself," he directed a warrant to the Lord Mayor, commanding him to let them pass; which the prudent magistrate complied with, saying, "While it was in my power I did my duty, but that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey." The answer of the Lord Mayor so pleased the Sabbath-breaking King, that he returned the civic functionary his thanks for it. It is curious, in strolling about London, to watch the wonderful changes that have taken place. Take, for instance, the site of Tothill Fields, once a snipe-swamp, now entirely built over with squares, streets, terraces, and crescents.

According to ancient chroniclers, Tothill Fields was at one time a place of considerable importance. "In the year 1256, John Mansel, priest and king's counsel, invited Henry III., and his queen, the King of Scotland and his Queen,

Prince Edward, and a great number of the nobility, knights, the Bishop of London, and several of the citizens, to a grand entertainment in his house, which stood in this part of the city of Westminster. The number of guests is stated to have been so great that the mansion was too small for their reception, and he was compelled to provide tents and partitions. Seven hundred messes of meat were insufficient for the company. Certain houses which stood apart from the rest were appointed during the great plague as pest-houses. In these fields, during the civil wars in the reign of Charles the First, was erected one of the forts which surrounded the metropolis: it consisted of a battery and breast-work."

Hyde Park was fenced in with deer-fences from a very early period; was first walled in with brick in the reign of Charles II., and first enclosed with an open iron-railing in the reign of George IV. In 1550, the French Ambassador hunted in Hyde Park with the King.

In 1578, the Duke Casimir "killed a barren doe with his piece in Hyde Park from amongst 300 other deer." In Charles the First's reign it was celebrated for its foot and horse-races round the ring; in Cromwell's time for its musters and

coach-races; in the reign of the "Merry Monarch" for its drives and promenades. Even during the last century boxing-matches were held here. Ben Jonson alludes to the Park in one of his prologues:

> "Alas! what is it to his scene to know
> How many coaches in Hyde Park did show
> Last Spring?"

And in an old ballad I find the following lines:

> "Of all parts of England Hyde Park hath the name
> For coaches and horses and persons of fame."

Evelyn thus refers to it. "11th April, 1653, I went to take the aire in Hyde Park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State, as they were called." De Grammont, Etherege, the Hon. James Howard, T. Shadwell, Southerne, Colley Cibber, Tom Brown, and others, describe Hyde Park as the rendezvous of fashion and beauty, a spot famed for sparkling eyes and splendid equipages.

Bankside, Southwark, now covered with warehouses and breweries, is thus described:—

"In the reign of Henry VIII. the Bankside,

Southwark, was the resort of the idle and dissipated, who repaired thither to indulge in the amusements of bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and various other sports, Shelton a poet of that day, thus describes the diversions :—

> "What follie is this to keep with danger
> A great mastive dog, and fowle ouglie bear ;
> And to this end to see them two fight,
> With terrible tearings, a ful ouglie sight,

According to Stow, there were on the west bank two bear-gardens, the old and the new: "places wherein were kept bears, bulls, and other beasts to be bayted, as also mastives in several kennels, nourished to bayt them." "These bears and other beasts," he adds, "are there kept in plots of ground, scaffolded about for the beholders to stand safe." In Agga's plan, taken in 1574, and one by Braun, made about the same time, these plots are engraved, with the addition of two *circi* for the accommodation of the spectators, bearing the names of the "Bowlle Baytyng" and the "Beare Baytinge." In both plans the buildings appear to be completely circular, and were evidently intended as humble imitations of the ancient Roman amphitheatre.

They stood in two adjoining fields, separated only by a small strip of land. In Agga's plan, which is the earliest, the disjoining slip of land contains only one large pond, common to the two places of exhibition; but in Braun this appears to be divided into three ponds, besides a similar conveniency near each theatre. The uses of these pieces of water is very well explained in Brown's Travels (1685), who has given a plate, headed "Elector of Saxony: his beare-garden at Dresden;" in which is a large pond, with several bears amusing themselves in it, his account of which is highly interesting. "In the hunting-house in the old town," he writes, "are fifty bears, very well provided for and looked unto. They have fountains and ponds to wash themselves in, wherein they much delight: and near to the ponds are high ragged posts or trees, set up for the bears to climb up, and scaffolds made at the top to sun and dry themselves; where they will also sleep, and come and go as the keepers call them."

The ponds and dog-kennels for the bears on the Bankside are clearly marked in the plans alluded to; and the construction of the amphitheatres themselves may be tolerably well con-

ceived, notwithstanding the smallness of the scale on which they are drawn. They evidently consisted, within side, of a lower tier of circular seats for the spectators, at the back of which a sort of screen ran all round; in part open, so as to admit a view from without. The buildings were unroofed, and flags and streamers waved about during the time of performance.

The rage for bear-baiting prevailed in the sixteenth century among all orders of people. It was one of the diversions Queen Elizabeth partook of during her visit to Kenilworth in 1576, and the French ambassador was entertained by her with an exhibition of the kind at the "Hope," Bankside. An example thus set by royalty soon spread through every rank, and bear and bull-baiting became extremely popular in England. Shakespeare has alluded to these sports in several scenes, and Hentzner, a German traveller in England, gives a notice of them in his "Itinerary," printed in 1598. Stow speaks of these amphitheatres as buildings appropriated for the keeping of "bears, bulls, and other beasts to be baited; as also mastives nourished for the purpose of baiting them." In 1583 an awful accident occurred on a Sunday

through the falling of a scaffold, which was looked upon by the fanatical writers of the time "as a just and terrible judgment of Heaven upon these profaners of the holy day." So strong was the feeling of the Puritans upon this subject, that the Lord Mayor for that year, Sir Thomas Blane, wrote to the Lord Treasurer, begging he would exert himself to suppress the diversions. Time, however, obliterated all recollection of the accident, and the sports were carried on as usual.

In the reign of James I. the bear-garden was under the protection of royalty, and the mastership of it made a patent place. The celebrated actor Alleyn enjoyed this lucrative post, as keeper of the wild beasts, or master of the royal bear-garden, on the Bankside, Southwark. The profits of this place are said to have amounted to £500 a-year. A little before his death he sold his share and patent to his wife's father for £580. Jorevin, a foreigner, gives us a curious detail of a visit to see the bear-garden during the reign of Charles II.

"We went to see the Bergiardin, by Sodvark (Southwark), which is a great amphitheatre, where combats are fought between all sorts of animals, and sometimes men, as we once saw.

Commonly, when any fencing-masters are desirous of showing their courage and their great skill, they issue mutual challenges; and before they engage, parade the town with drums and trumpets sounding, to inform the public there is a challenge between two brave masters of the science of defence, and that the battle will be fought on such a day.

"We went to see this combat, which was performed on a stage in the middle of this amphitheatre, where, on the flourishes of trumpets and the beat of drums, the combatants entered, stripped to their shirts. On a signal from the drum they drew their swords, and immediately began their fight, skirmishing a long time without any wounds. They were both very skilful and courageous. The tallest had the advantage over the least; for, according to the English fashion of fencing, they endeavoured rather to cut than push in the French manner, so that by his height he had the advantage of being able to strike his antagonist on the head, against which the little one was on his guard. He had in his turn an advantage over the great one, in being able to give him the Jarnac stroke, by cutting him on his right ham, which he left in a manner quite un-

guarded; so that, all things considered, they were equally matched. Nevertheless, the tall one struck his antagonist on the wrist, which he almost cut off; but this did not prevent him from continuing the fight, after he had been dressed, and taken a glass or two of wine to give him courage, when he took ample vengeance for his wound; for, a little time afterwards, making a feint at the ham, the tall man, stooping in order to parry it, laid his whole head open, when the little one gave him a stroke which took off a slice of his head, and almost all his ear.

"For my part, I think there is an inhumanity, a barbarity, and cruelty in permitting men to kill each other for diversion. The surgeons immediately dressed them and bound up their wounds; which being done they resumed the combat, and both being sensible of their respective disadvantages, they therefore were a long time without giving or receiving a wound, which was the cause that the little one, failing to parry so exactly, being tired with this long battle, received a stroke on his wounded wrist, which dividing the sinews, he remained vanquished, and the tall conqueror received the applause of the spectators. For my part, I should have had more pleasure in seeing

the battle of the bears and dogs, which was fought on the following day in the same theatre."

It does not appear at what time the bear-baiting was put an end to, but it was probably shortly after the same period, for we find in Stow, published 1720, the following remark: "Here is a glass house, and about the middle a new built court, well inhabited, called Bear-garden Square; so called, as being built in the place where the bear-garden formerly stood, until removed to the other side of the water, which is more convenient for the butchers and such like, who are taken with such rustic sports as the baiting of bears and bulls."

In an ancient MS. of the fifteenth century, we read as follows—

"In the yere 1441 was a fighting at the Tothill between two thieves, a pelour and a defendant, and the pelour had the field and victory of the defendant within three strokes."

Such scenes were not uncommon in Tothill Fields, as may be gleaned from the following graphic description by Stow—

"The 18th of June in Trinity Tearme (1571) there was a combat appointed to have been fought for a certain manour and domaine lands

belonging thereunto in the Isle of Hartz, adjoining to the Isle of Sheppy, in Kent. Simon Low and John Kyme were plaintiffs, and had brought a writ of right against T. Paramore, who offered to defend his right by battell; whereupon the plaintiffs aforesaid accepted to answer his challenge, offering likewise to defend their right to the same manour and lands, and to prove by battell that Paramore had no right nor no good to have the same. Hereupon, the said Thomas Paramore brought before the Judges of the Common Pleas at Westminster one George Thorne, a bigge, broad, strong-set fellow; and the plaintiffs brought Hen. Nailor, master of defence and servant to the Right Hon. the Earl of Leicester, a proper slender man, and not so tall as the other. Thorne cast down a gauntlet, which Nailor tooke up.

"Upon the Sonday before the battell should be tried, or the next morrow, the matter was stayed, and the parties agreed that Paramore, being in possession, should have the land, and was bound in five hundred pounds to consider the plaintiffs, as upon hearing the matter the judges should award. The Q. Majesty was the taker up of the matter in this wise. It was thought good that

for Paramore's assurance the order should be kept touching the combat, and that the plaintiffs, Low and Kyne, should make default of appearance, but that yet such as were sureties of Nailor their champion's appearance should bring him in, and likewise those that were sureties for Thorne should bring in the same Thorne in discharge of their bond; and that the Court should sit in Tuthill Fields, where was prepared one plot of ground, one-and-twenty yards square, double-railed, for the combat without the west square, a stage being set up for the judges representing the Court of Common Pleas. All the compasse without the lists was set with scaffolds, one above another, for people to stand and behold. There were behind the square where the judges sate two tents, the one for Nailor, the other for Thorne.

"Thorne was there in the morning timely. Nailor about seven of the clocke came through London apparelled in a doublet and gally-gascoigne breeches, all of crimson satin, cut and raised, and a hat of black velvet with a red feather and band, before him drums and fifes playing. The gauntlet that was caste down by George Thorne was borne before the said Nailor

upon a sword's point, and his baston (a staffe of an ell long, made taper-wise, tipt with horne) with his shield of hard leather, was borne after him by Askham, a yeoman of the Queen's gard. He came into the Palace of Westminster, and staying not long before the hall-doore, came back into the King's streete, and so along through the Sanctuary and Tuthill-streete into the field, where he stayed till past nine of the clocke; and then Sir Jerome Bowes brought him to his tent. Thorne being in the tent with Sir Henry Cheiney long before.

"About ten of the clocke, the Court of Common Pleas removed and came to the place prepared. When the Lord Chiefe Justice, with two other his associates, were set, then Low was called solemnly to come in, or else hee to lose his writ of right. Then after a certain time the sureties of Henry Nailor were called to bring in the said Nailor, champion for Simon Low; and shortly thereupon Sir Jerome Bowes, leading Nailor by the hand, entreth with him the lists, bringing him downe that square by which he entered, being on the left hand of the judges, and there making curtesie, first with one leg and then with the other, passed forth till he came to

the middle of the place, and then made the like obeysance; and so passing till they came to the barre, there hee made the like curtesie, and his shield was held up aloft over his head. Nailor put off his neather stockes, and so barefoot and bare-legged, save his silke sauilonians, to the ankles, and his doublet-sleeves tyed up above the elbow, and bare-headed, came in as is aforesaid.

"Then were the sureties of George Thorne called to bring in the same Thorne; and immediately Sir Henry Cheiney, entering at the upper end on the right hand of the judges, used the like order in comming about by his side, as Nailor had before on that other side, and, so comming to the barre with like obeysance, held up his shield, proclamation was made in form as followeth: The Justices command in the Queenes Majestie's name that no person of what estate, degree, or condition he be, being present, to be so hardy to give any token or signe, by countenance, speech, or language, either to the proover or to the defender, whereby the one of them may take advantage of the other; and no person remoove, but still keep his place; and that every person and persons keep their staves

and their weapons to themselves; and suffer neither the said proover or defender to take any of their weapons or any other thing that may stand either to the said procurer or defender any avail, upon pain of forfeiture of lands, tenements, goods, chattels, and imprisonment of their bodies, and making fine and ransome at the Queene's pleasure. Then was the proover to be sworn in form as followeth: 'Thus heare you, justices, that I have this day neither eate, drunke, nor have upon me either bone, stone, nor glasse, or any inchantment, sorcerie, or witchcraft, wherethrough the power of the word of God might be inleased or diminished, and the devil's power encreased, and that my appeale is true, so help me God and his saints, and by this booke.'

"After this solemn order was finished, the Lord Chiefe Justice rehearing the manner of bringing the writ of right by Simon Low, of the answer made thereunto by Paramore, of the proceeding therein, and how Paramore had challenged to defend his right to the land by battell by his champion George Thorne, and of the accepting the trial that was by Low with his champion Henry Nailor; and then for default

in appearance in Low, he adjudged the land to Paramore, and dismissed the champions, acquitting the sureties of their bonds. He also willed Henry Nailor to render again to George Thorne his gauntlet; whereunto the said Nailor answered that his lordship might command him anything, but willingly he would not render the said gauntlet to Thorne except he would win it; and further, he challenged the said Thorne to play with him half a score blowes, to show some pastime to the Lord Chiefe Justice and the others there assembled. But Thorne answered that he came to fight, and would not play. Then the Lord Chiefe Justice, commending Nailor for his valiant courage, commanded them both quietly to depart the field."

CHAPTER XII.

ROYAL PATRONS OF SPORT—ORIGIN OF HORSE-RACING IN ENGLAND—SUNDAY RECREATION ENCOURAGED BY JAMES I. RACING IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I., CROMWELL, AND CHARLES II.—THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH—TRICKS ON THE TURF IN 1679—WRESTLING MATCH AT WINDSOR.

THE partiality of many of our kings and princes for the amusements of the field is well known, and highly gratifying is it to behold these illustrious personages laying aside their distinctions of rank, and entering like private individuals into such healthful pleasures. Edward the Confessor was strongly devoted to hunting. "There was only one diversion," says the historian, "in which he took the greatest possible delight, namely, to follow a pack of fleet hounds in pursuit of their game, and to cheer them with his voice. Every day after divine service he took the field, and spent his life in these beloved

sports." William the Conqueror desolated and dispeopled a great part of Hampshire to form the New Forest, the scene of his hunting exploits; William Rufus fell a victim to the sport he was so fond of; King John, amidst the turmoil of a distracted and inglorious reign, found frequent opportunities of indulging his passion for the chase; Edward the First may take a prominent place among the royal masters of fox-hounds; Edward the Second, although effeminate in some respects, was particularly fond of horses; and the warlike character of his son, the third of that name, induced him to procure them from foreign countries.

In the year 1363, this monarch invited the Kings of Scotland, France, and Cyprus to a royal hunt, which equalled a tournament in expense and magnificence.

We now approach Henry the Second, who was devoted alike to the chase and the turf, for we find in an ancient record that some races took place at Epsom during that accomplished monarch's reign. From 1189 to the days of Henry the Eighth, no mention is made of racing. We, however, find that "Bluff Harry" patronized the meetings at Chester and Stamford, and paid

particular attention to the breed of horses. During the reign of his predecessor, Henry VII., little mention is made of hunting, although all orders of the community kept a certain number of horses, in proportion to their rank and circumstances. Edward VI., during his brief career, was so convinced of the value of horses that this monarch made the stealing of them a capital offence. Queen Elizabeth was extremely fond of the chase, and very frequently indulged herself by following the hounds; for this reason, the nobility, who entertained her in her different progresses, formed large parties, which she usually attended when the weather permitted. "Her Majesty," writes Rowland White, in a letter to Sir Robert Sidney, dated September 12, 1600, "is well and exceedingly disposed to hunting; for every second day she is on horseback, and continues the sport long." It must be borne in mind that the Virgin Queen had at this time just entered her sixty-seventh year, and the interest she took in the sport at so advanced an age proves her fondness of it.

James the First seems to have wished to render his subjects contented and happy, and we have

already given His Majesty's royal edict against any interference with the "lawful recreation and honest exercises" of his subjects "after the afternoon service or sermon." There can be no doubt that if by encouraging such harmless sports on the Sunday and holidays, an end would be put to those "filthy tipplings, drunkenness, and idle and discontented speeches in ale-houses," which the King so justly denounces, a great benefit would be gained; but we fear that the result would not prove quite so satisfactory as the King anticipated. Well do I remember the time, some sixty years ago, when the game of cricket was played every Sunday afternoon after Divine service in Goodwood Park, and at other places in the neighbourhood, under the express sanction of the Bishop and many of the clergymen of the diocese. After a time, however, it was discovered that, when the game was over, some of the players, and many of the lookers-on, resorted to the public-houses in the neighbourhood, to indulge in that tippling which it was the object of the promoters of Sunday afternoon innocent amusements to put an end to. In consequence of this, the privilege of using the park for Sunday pastimes was withdrawn, and the

people found ample recreation in being permitted to stroll through the beautiful grounds of this ducal territory.

His son Charles the First, who according to Wellwood divided his time between his standish, his bottle, and hunting, concurring in his father's ideas, confirmed, as we have already seen, the edict referred to, in the ninth year of his reign, strictly forbidding all the public authorities to interfere with or prevent the sport mentioned, or the feasts of the church called wakes.

Return we to *Queen* Jamie, as the lampooners of that day styled him, who, despite his feeble temper and overwhelming vanity, so far gave his sanction to the turf that race-courses were laid out at Newmarket, Croydon, and Enfield Chase, and silver bells were substituted for wooden ones. Jesse tells us that the King's "principal source of amusement was in the chase, from which he ever derived the keenest gratification." He also gives two very amusing anecdotes of His Majesty's bad horsemanship: upon one occasion, he was thrown headlong into a pond; and upon another, was cast through the ice into the New River, where nothing but the royal boots was visible, from which ignominious situation he

was saved by Sir Richard Young. The civil wars during the reign of the unfortunate Charles the First, occupied too much of that monarch's time to enable him to devote himself much to the sports of the turf. Nevertheless, we find this ill-fated sovereign, who was an accomplished horseman, devoted to hunting, and it was to enjoy that "noble science" to perfection that he extended the new park at Richmond to its present size.

"In the month of June," so writes the chronicler, "Richmond Palace was prepared for the King's reception; but he refused to go thither. In August, however, of the same year, the Prince Elector and the Duke of York hunted with His Majesty in the New Park, and killed a stag and a buck." The fanatic Cromwell, during his Protectorship, which was no sinecure office, encouraged the breed of horses. The fame of "Place's White Turk," belonging to one of his equerries, is well known in the annals of bygone sporting. The Protector, too, was fond of hunting, and frequently followed this diversion at Hampton Court, attended by his body-guard.

After Cromwell came Charles the Second; and

from this period horse-racing may date the importance which it has since maintained in England. The Royal Giovanni re-established the races at Newmarket, and was the first donor of a cup on record, a silver one, of the value of a hundred guineas. The era of thoroughbred horses may be said to have commenced during this reign, for His Majesty's stud contained some magnificent Arabian stallions; and the Master of the Horse, Sir Christopher Wyvill, was despatched abroad in search of thoroughbred mares, which upon their arrival in England were called the "royal mares." Reresby gives a brief notice of the manner in which Charles occupied his time at Newmarket. "He went to the cock-pit from ten till dinner-time; about three he went to the horse-races; at six he returned to the cock-pit." Pepys gives an account of one of the debauches of the "easiest princes and best-bred man alive," after a hunting party in 1667. During this reign we find Charles's eldest son, the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, a distinguished member of the turf, and a most sporting character. In Dalrymple's memoirs, giving the progress of the Duke (then in the height of his popularity) through the disturbed districts, we read the

following account of this extraordinary and wayward man:

"He entered into all country diversions, and, as he was of wonderful agility, even ran races himself upon foot; and when he had outstripped the swiftest of the racers, he ran again in his boots, and beat them though running in their shoes. The prizes which he gained during the day, he gave away at christenings in the evening."

Jesse too, from whose amusing pages I have already quoted, gives the following account of the gallant Duke's exploits on the turf. "In 1683, we find Monmouth distinguished himself on a different field. On the 25th of February in that year was contested, in the neighbourhood of the French capital, perhaps the most famous horse-race of modern times. Louis the Fourteenth had sent to different countries, inviting the owners of the swiftest horses to try their fortune upon that day. The plate, which he himself presented, was valued at a thousand pistoles, and the race-course was the Plain d'Echer, near St. Germain en Laye. The honour of England was sustained by the Duke of Monmouth, who carried away the prize in

the presence of the French monarch and his Court.

To show that the tricks of the turf and horse-dealing were as prevalent in bygone days as they now are, we have only to refer to a publication of 1679, which furnishes a case in point. "Smithfield, March 31—This afternoon, at a general rendezvous here, were mustered together a great number of horses and horse-coursers, that is to say, jades and rooks; for I defy the cunningest gamester in Covent Garden to offer more tricks and cozenage than a Smithfield jockey. He is a fellow that would deceive all the world, and nobody so soon as a friend that confides in him; therefore, whosoever takes a horse upon his word is sure to be jaded. The mare mentioned in our last intelligence (as a lean py'd one, near ten hands, crippled, lame, narrow-jawed, sour-headed, saddle-backed, goose-rumped, hip-shot, foundered, and moon-blind), came this day into the market, so neat and trim, that, like a new beauty, all eyes were upon her; her colour was now coal black, with a star, snip, and one white foot; she had learned to swallow eels as naturally as a heron, and she was blown up like butcher's veal, till she appeared as queer about the buttocks as a

superb hostess; they had beaten out so much of her teeth that you would have taken her for a yearling colt, as old folks, when they have but a snag or two left, pass for children; and, in brief, all her defects were so supplied that a sly racer of the West presently snapped her up, and designs to do notable things with her upon Newmarket Heath."

To return to King Charles II. In 1681, we find that he witnessed a wrestling match at Windsor, when the abettors were the Monarch and the Duke of Albemarle. A meadow below the castle was the scene of action, and the match was composed of twelve men on each side. The King's party wore red waistcoats, and the Duke's blue; a ring or enclosure was formed, and a space in it admitted the royal coach. The Queen and her ladies viewed the contest from the terrace, but the Duke mixed with the crowd. The activity displayed on this occasion excited great applause, and only one of the number offered foul play, which the Duke punished by tripping up his heels. The victory was gained by the blues; and they thus procured their employer two hundred guineas, the wager depending; the sum of ten shillings was given to the

King's men, and twenty shillings to the victors; after which the King's men challenged the Duke's at backsword, in which exercise some being unskilful, others were taken in, to complete the number. The issuse of this was some broken heads, and the palm was again given to the blues.

The King's men being heated, and unwilling that the Duke's should thus carry off a victory, resolved to have another trial with them, and challenged them at football, which being accepted, the goals staked out, and the ball placed in the middle, the Duke held up a handkerchief over the ball, the dropping of which was the signal to give the start, and the handkerchief a reward to him that got the first kick, which was one of the Duke's men, who (in all these exercises) behaved himself with such singular activity that His Majesty took particular notice of him, and gave him a guinea. Notwithstanding that fortune still attended the Duke's side, the King seemed highly pleased with the day's diversion.

In 1682, we find the following report: "On Tuesday morning was a great match at tennis at Whitehall, where His Majesty and his Royal Highness were present; after which His Majesty played

himself, with one lord of his side against two more of the nobility, and His Majesty had the better of it."

In 1718 the Prince of Wales patronized the performance of a fire-eater, of the name of De Hightrehight, a native of the valley of Annivi, in the Alps. This juggler ate burning coals, chewed flaming brimstone, and swallowed it, licked a red hot poker, placed a red hot heater on his tongue, kindled coals on it, suffered them to be blown, and broiled meat upon them; ate melted pitch, bees-wax, sealing-wax, and rosin with a spoon, and to complete the business, he performed all these salamandrine wonders five times a day at the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet-street for the small sums of half a crown, eighteen pence, and one shilling. We ought to add that the Merry Monarch varied his multifarious amusements by a most noble one, that of hawking.

James the Second, during his reign of bigotry and despotism, devoted a considerable portion of his time to the sports of the field, although he took little or no interest in the turf. In the "Court of the Stuarts" we find the following letter, written about two years before his flight: "His Majesty to-day (God bless him!) under-

went the fatigue of a long fox-chase. I saw him and his followers return as like drowned rats as ever appendices to royalty did;" and in Ellis's "Correspondence" we read: "The king visits Richmond often, makes it his hunting quarter twice a week, and most commonly attends the queen hither with great civility." Putney Heath, and other places not far from London, were the usual "meets."

William III. encouraged the manége, under the able direction of a Frenchman, Major Foubert, who is immortalized by a small street leading out of Regent Street, named after him Foubert's Passage. The King, although professedly not a votary of the turf, afforded it his encouragement, by not only continuing the former donations of the crown, but by adding several others.

In the reign of Queen Anne, an Arabian stallion, bought by the Duke of Berwick at the siege of Buda, and a bay barb, presented by the Emperor of Morocco to Louis XIV., were sent to England, and obtained great celebrity. Anne was devoted to the chase; and in a letter from Swift to Stella, date July 31, 1711, the following appears: "The queen was abroad

to-day in order to hunt; but, finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach. She hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod." Again, in another letter, the Dean writes: "I dined to-day with the gentlemen-ushers, among scurvy company; but the Queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner." Queen Anne likewise gave some royal plates; while her consort, George, Prince of Denmark, was a personal admirer and constant frequenter of the sport, himself keeping an excellent stud, and encouraging the importation of the best-bred stallions. The Curwen Bay and the Darley Arabian were introduced in this reign.

George I., although averse to England and the English, and surrounded by a set of rapacious Germans, one of whom was appointed Master of the Buck-hounds, encouraged the breed of horses. When the "proud" Duke of Somerset resigned the post of Master of the Horse, which he had held under the reign of Queen Anne, the king, instead of nominating a successor, kept the situ-

ation vacant, conferring the salary upon his uninteresting and antiquated sultana, the Duchess of Kendal. George the First was partial to water excursions, as may be gathered from the two following notices:

"On the 22nd of August, 1715, the King, Prince, and Princess of Wales, and a numerous party of the nobility, went with musick on board their barges from Whitehall to Limehouse. When they returned in the evening, the captains of the shipping suspended lanterns in their rigging, and the houses on both sides of the river were illuminated. An incredible number of boats filled with spectators attended the royal party, and cannon were continually fired during the day and evening."

Again, "In July, 1717, another grand aquatic procession took place, when the King, accompanied by the Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Godolphin, Lady Kilmansegge, and the Earl of Orkney, went in the evening in an open barge to Chelsea. As they floated up the tide, surrounded by thousands of boats, fifty performers in a city barge serenaded His Majesty with the strains of Handel composed expressly for this occasion, with which he was so enraptured that they

were thrice repeated. At eleven o'clock the boats had reached Chelsea. There the Monarch landed; and proceeding to the mansion of Lady Catherine Jones, daughter to the Earl of Ranelagh, he supped, and was entertained by a concert, and returned at two in the morning. The Princess of Wales frequently hired the common watermen, and glided about the same part of the river; and once honoured a west-country barge with a visit, partaking with the men their homely fare of salt pork and bread, and distributing a tenfold equivalent of guineas. This honour was so acceptable to the master of the vessel, that he immediately gave her a royal title, and expended great part of the money in purchasing a splendid cockade as a *distinguishing vane* for his head, vowing to *renew it when decayed.* Such were the happier moments of royalty! Thanks to our Constitution, happiness reigns in gradations, from the throne to the cottage; and while George the First was solaced in his gondola, fanned by the evening breeze, and lulled by the sweet notes of Handel, his peasants were celebrating their florists' feast at Bethnal Green with a carnation named after him, the king of the year."

George the Second was fond of hunting, but did little for racing. His successor, "Farmer George," as he was called, was devoted to the chase. George IV. was a great patron of the turf, and the "Sailor King" started his "whole fleet" at Goodwood. The Prince of Wales is a thorough sportsman, and the Duke of Edinburgh's prowess has a world-wide reputation.

Prince Arthur, when doing duty with the Rifle Brigade at Montreal, took to field-sports, and his exploits on the Ottawa River proved most satisfactory. When the Winter set in, his Royal Highness indulged in two favourite Canadian sports—snipe-shooting and fish-spearing. The former sport is too well known to require any comment, but a few remarks upon the latter may not prove uninteresting. It is a most exciting one, as I can state from experience, having enjoyed it during a Winter passed in Canada. At the upper end of Lake Erie, when the bays are closed with ice, the system of spearing fish is carried on with much success after the following plan. The fisherman, being previously prepared with a small house from four to eight feet square, mounted on runners to make its removal easy, and so constructed as to exclude all light except

what comes up from the ice below, arms himself with an ordinary fish-spear, an axe, and an assortment of small decoy-fish, and proceeds to some part of the bay where the water is from three to six feet deep, cuts a hole in the ice, adjusts his house directly over it, and with his spear in one hand and the line attached to the decoy-fish in the other, awaits the coming of his prey.

Every object in the water is seen with entire distinctness, though, from the exclusion of light in the house above, the fisherman is invisible to the fish beneath. The decoy is simply a small wooden fish, loaded sufficiently with lead to cause it to float naturally, and which, by drawing upon the line attached, is made to imitate the motions of a fish playing in the water. Sometimes the fish comes up slowly, as if suspicious that the decoy is not exactly what it appears, and passes near it, as if to make a more accurate observation; it is then he is struck with unerring aim. Another time a streak is seen to flash acrosss the opening, and a quick jerk is felt upon the line, and away goes the decoy beyond all recovery. If, however, the line is not broken, the fish usually returns more slowly, as

if to ascertain the cause of his disappointment; and he is then easily captured.

To "hark back" once more to the "noble science," which was never in a more flourishing state than it is at present. There is scarcely a county in England, Ireland, or Scotland, that cannot boast of a first-rate pack of fox-hounds, stag-hounds, or harriers. Foxes are plentiful, and, with a few much to be regretted exceptions, are strictly preserved. Some complaints have been recently, and with justice, made against the system of introducing wire fencing, and unquestionably it is one that ought to be discouraged, not only as being highly detrimental to sport, but as also leading to frightful accidents. One of the worst falls I ever witnessed, happened to the late Captain Lamb, the owner of the celebrated steeple-chaser Vivian, whose horse fell at an almost invisible wire fence, and nearly killed its rider.

Hunting has not been annihilated by railroads, as was foretold. On the contrary, the rail has proved of the greatest avail to those who always hunted, while it enables hundreds who had never previously seen a pack of hounds to join in this exhilirating and manly sport. It was only last

December when, after passing a day at the hospitable house of a gallant general at Leamington, as I was leaving by an early train, I witnessed a sight that surprised me—it was a special train engaged to convey hounds, huntsmen, men, and hunters from the Spa to Rugby, and bring them back at night. This was going to cover in a luxurious way, for a man might enjoy his cigar while perusing the morning paper. Far different was it from the system pursued when I hunted at Leamington some three-and-thirty years ago, when those who had not good cover-hacks, had to go ten or sixteen miles to cover in a slow, rickety fly, and to ride their hunters home, sometimes after a long run of an hour.

The English hunter may be truly designated an indigenous animal, for on no other spot of the earth is such a horse to be found. The stature of the horse is no more absolutely fixed than that of the human body, but the medium height is considered as best for hunters—say fifteen hands two or three inches. Temper and mouth are essential points, for in the absence of either no man can be said to be well mounted. The former not only contributes greatly to the pleasure and

safety of the rider, but a horse of a fine temper takes less out of himself than one of a violent nature, especially in a country where there is much fencing. Indeed, fretful horses are proverbially soft, which caused Shakespeare to compare them to false friends:

> "Hollow men, like horses not at hand,
> Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
> But when they should endure the bloody spear,
> They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
> Sink in the trial."

A hunter should have courage, energy in all his paces, but not too much of what is generally called action; his stride in his gallop should be rather long than otherwise, provided he bring his hinder legs well under his body; and the movement of the fore-legs should be round, but by no means high. The test of action, however, in the hunter is in what is termed "dirt," and no animal can be said to be perfect who cannot go well in the heaviest of ground.

A perfect hunter should have a light head, well put on, with a firm but not a long neck; lengthy, and consequently oblique shoulders, a very capacious chest, and great depth of girth; a long

muscular fore-arm, coming well out of the shoulder, the elbow parallel with the body, neither inclining inward nor outward; a short cannon or shank, with large tendons and sinews, forming a flat, not a round leg; an oblique pastern, rather long than short, and an open circular foot; the back of moderate length, with well-developed loins and fillets, and deep ribs, making what is termed by sportsmen a good "spur place." From the loins to the setting-on of the tail the line should be carried on almost straight, or rounded only in a very slight degree. Thus the haunch will be most oblique, and will produce a corresponding obliquity in the thigh-bone, which formation is peculiarly characteristic of the well-bred horse. The dock of the tail should be large, and the buttocks close together. The thighs should be muscular and long, rather inclining inwards, with large lean hocks, the points appearing to stand somewhat behind the body, which will bring the lower part of the hind leg or shank under it. The shank, fetlock, and pastern of the hind-leg should exactly resemble those of the fore-leg, as also should the foot. The legs should appear short, from the great depth of the chest, and well-proportioned substance of the

body or middle-piece. Anyone possessing such an animal as we have described, may congratulate himself upon having the *beau-ideal* of a perfect hunter.

Although it has been said that the "chase is the sport of British Kings," it certainly is not true as regards some other potentates, for Frederick the Great of Prussia thus writes: "The chase is one of the most sensual of pleasures, by which the powers of the body are strongly exerted, but those of the mind remain unemployed. It consists in a violent exertion of desire in the pursuit, and the indulgence of a cruel pleasure in the death of the game. It is an exercise which makes the limbs strong, active, and pliable, but leaves the head without improvement. I am convinced that man is more cruel and savage than any beast of prey; we exercise the dominion given over these our fellow-creatures in the most tyrannical manner.

"If we pretend to any superiority over the beasts, it ought certainly to consist in reason; but we commonly find that the most passionate lovers of the chase renounce this privilege, and converse only with their dogs, their horses, and other irrational animals. This renders them

wild and unfeeling; and it is highly probable that they cannot be very merciful to the human species. For a man who can in cold blood torture a poor innocent animal, cannot feel much compassion for the distresses of his own species. And besides, can the chase be a proper employment for a thinking mind?

"A Sovereign may undoubtedly be allowed this pleasure, provided he indulges in it with moderation, and for the purpose of relaxing his mind from the many serious and often disagreeable exertions he is necessarily engaged in. It would be unjust to deny a Prince every species of recreation. But can a Monarch enjoy a greater pleasure than that arising from a wise and benevolent Government, from the prosperity of his dominions, and from the encouragement and protection of every useful art and science? A Monarch who finds higher pleasures necessary to his happiness is much to be pitied."

Now we quite agree with the King as to the latter part of his remarks, albeit we cannot endorse the former part. The charge of cruelty is mere cant or sheer ignorance; for nothing can be easier to prove than that the pursuits of the field are perfectly consistent with humanity. They

are natural to man. "By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food," and we, their sons, earn the health and manliness of character the chase bestows. Animal pursues animal throughout the creation. The stoat, for instance, pursues the rabbit for hours, and eventually runs into him; the pike, the tyrant of the water, destroys a large portion of the smaller finny tribe, and is not particular if a duckling falls in his way: foxes luxuriate upon poultry; hawks, in their fell swoop, pounce upon pigeons or partridges; otters live upon fish; wild cats make sad havoc in a well-pressed covert; spiders get flies within their meshes: dogs kill rats; and the tamest of domestic "tabbies" cause the death of many a beautiful canary, cooing dove, melodious bullfinch, and devoted love-bird.

Why should man alone, then, be debarred from hunting the fox, hare, or rabbit, shooting the gaudy pheasant and nut-brown partridge, or fishing for the salmon, the pike, or the trout? If hunting, shooting, and fishing were done away with, neither the fox, the hare, the rabbit, game of all sorts, nor the denizens of the rivers and streams, would be better off than they now are. For the consequence of the abolition of hunting

would be the annihilation of the vulpine race as predatory nuisances; and the feathered tribe would equally be destroyed, as being the farmer's enemy. In short, were field-sports put an end to, vulpecides would flourish, poaching would increase to an alarming extent, and indiscriminate slaughter could not fail to be the result. In conclusion, we trust that every encouragement will be given to "Sport at Home and Abroad."

THE END.

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